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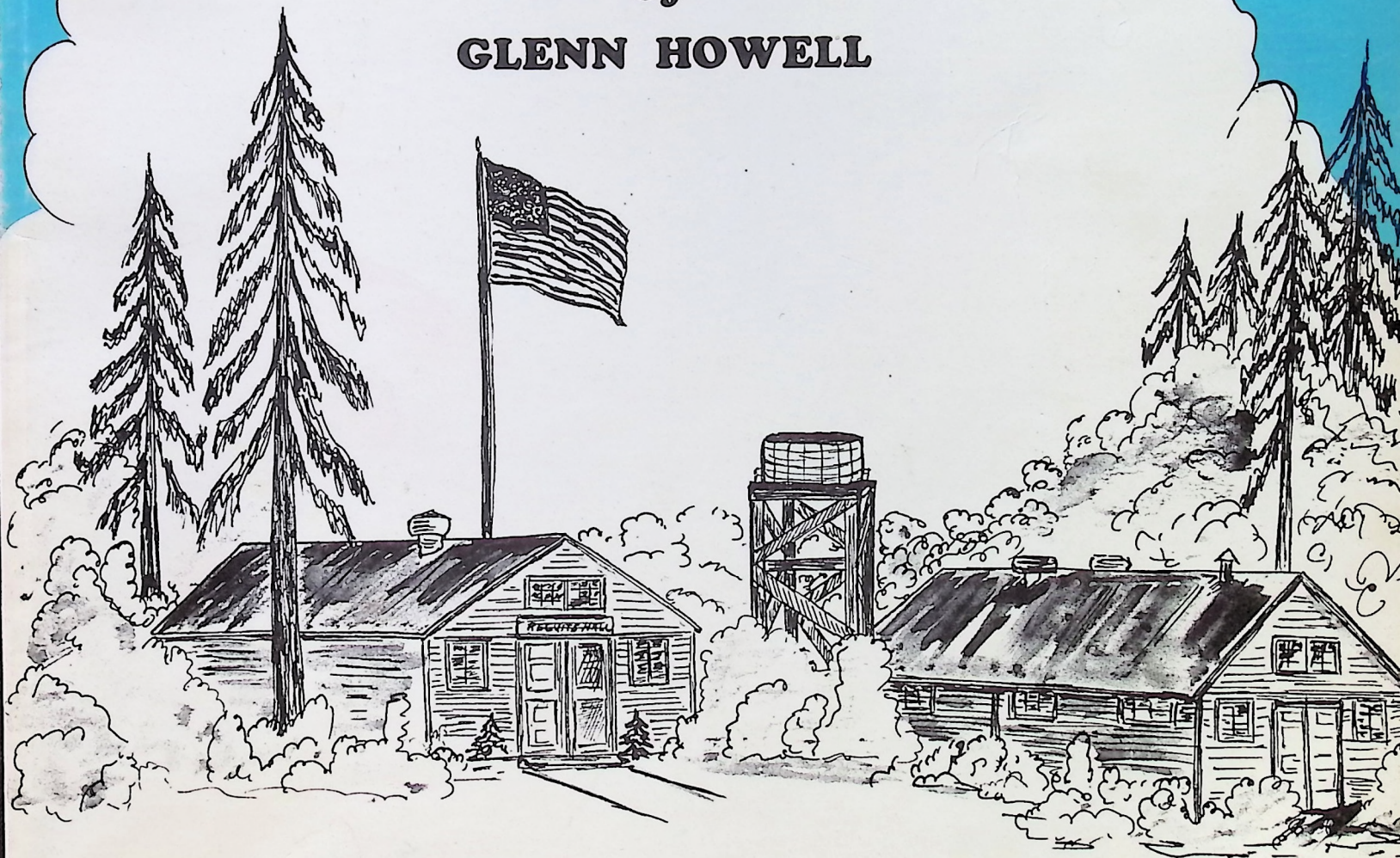
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C.C.C. BOYS REMEMBER

by

GLENN HOWELL



A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS

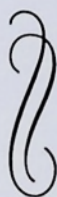
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by
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MELODY BRIMM

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DEDICATED TO

All Who Furnished These Stories and Pictures,
and To Those Who Offered Their Help
and Encouragement

FOREWORD

CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS (C.C.C.)

What we had in mind when we started this book was to show what a wonderful deal the C.C.C. was, both for the boys and their families, as well as the country as a whole. For we doubt very much if there was a county in the entire United States that didn't benefit from the C.C.C. having been in existence.

With the help of former enrollees and supervisors, and some stories we were privileged to receive the permission to use from forest and park publications, we are going to show you work being done by the 3-C's in Connecticut, Alabama, East Texas, Michigan, Florida, California, Oregon, Alaska and many other states, both pictures and stories.

We are letting the former C.C.C.'s tell in their own words what they did in that organization and what the C.C.C. did for them. Some of the boys had an education, others very little; some boys were healthy, others much under-weight. Some boys knew how to work, others did not. But the former C.C.C. boys all feel that something was done for them that has helped them in later life, and gave them a job then when there was nowhere they could find work no matter what part of the country they lived in.

One man told us he was glad we were getting this book out as his children thought the C.C.C. was some kind of a youth "reformatory," that their father had been in some kind of trouble and was given a chance to work it out. Of course, nothing could be further from the truth!

These boys, and we have 146 names and addresses to back this statement, were selected by the Labor Department, upon recommendation of the State relief agencies, ex-soldiers were selected by the Veterans' Administration. The qualifications needed for enrollment were to be a young, single, man between the ages of 17 and 28, a citizen of the United States, physically fit and unemployed, with a desire to help out at home through the \$25 per month the family received. In some instances this removed one set of feet from under the home table, helping lower those expenses. A strong desire for each boy to earn his own way surely was important.

We know, we were there. We also know of the patriotism to a government that saw this great need, that grew in the hearts of nearly all enrollees.

When before in history had any government done such an enormous and worthy thing for the single, inexperienced boy? We were certainly the *privileged ones*.

G. H.

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INTRODUCTION

The Civilian Conservation Corps (C.C.C.) was established in the United States in 1933 by President Franklin D. Roosevelt when less than one month into his first term. In the darkest days of the Great Depression, when our Nation's economy was at an all time low, and millions of grown men out of work, what chance did a totally inexperienced boy have of finding a job? Life was almost hopeless; there seemed absolutely no way for our Nation's youth to become self-supporting and productive. The right to work is the most self-respecting thing on this earth.

So the C.C.C. was born. It took millions of American youth off the street and taught them how to work. This included carpenters, truck drivers, equipment operators, cooks, office workers, bakers, doctors' assistants, and on and on. This was accomplished under the leadership of the Local Experienced Men (L.E.M.) who usually held the rank of Leader (three stripes), or Assistant Leader (two stripes). These men usually doubled as Barracks Chief or Assistant Barracks Chief. These men were to be credited with keeping order, enforcing rules and, in fact, looked upon by the rookie as "Big Dad." If a fight were to start, as would be expected among 200 well-fed, work-hardened boys, full of pep and ginger, Big Dad's job was to break it up, sign both boys up for three rounds of three minutes each, in the ring. A few nights later the event would be posted on the bulletin board with the entire camp invited to watch, free of charge. Large boxing gloves were worn so no one was hurt.

Big Dad was usually an experienced man in some field and would be in charge of detail. Some were top mechanics. There was a first cook who, in better days, had been a chef in a large eastern hotel—the list is long.

Back to the boys, who were usually 17 to 24 years of age, from all parts of the country. I knew one boy from Buffalo, New York, who joined and was sent to the forests of Oregon. He had never been out of New York—what a change, what a chance!

It has been said that the C.C.C. boys did a lot for our country, such as planting trees, building dams, roads, etc. But I feel that the C.C.C. did a lot more for the boys. I have seen some 18- or 20-year-old boys who became near expert "cat skimmers" or carpenters who would probably belong to some street gang or riding the rails from "hell to breakfast," looking, looking, always looking for that job that didn't exist, especially with no past experience. (How could they get the experience?)

The C.C.C. accepted only boys from needy families. The pay was \$30 a month, \$25 of this was sent home to the needy family with the remainder paid to the boy, plus board and clothing. Some of the boys stayed two or three years. (I stayed 18 months.)

The Army had charge of you on all your off-duty hours. Camp was run in most instances by two Army officers and an Army doctor. At 5:30 P.M. you stood for roll call and saluted as the Flag was lowered (very military); this in full uniform, then marched to the mess hall and seated when the whistle blew. Some of the mess halls had "regular" china and waiters to keep food at the tables. Usually eight men were seated at each table.

Some of the camps, however, had chow lines with metal trays, etc. Everything was very orderly—you were taught discipline with no rough stuff in the mess halls. As a whole, the food was good. Most boys gained weight from the start. All personnel ate at the same mess hall.

We lined up for roll call at 7:30 A.M. by the Army officer, and then were turned over to the work department. At some of the camps, it was the Soil Conservation Service (S.C.S.), others Forest

Service (F.S.). For most work jobs we were hauled there in trucks, either F.S. or S.C.S. Some job places were close enough to be marched to and from the job.

MY OWN PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

I joined the C.C.C. in April, 1935, and was sent to a camp north of Quinter, Kansas, where we built a large concrete dam across the Saline River. This dam was the hollow core type with a spillway over the top. This backed up water about three miles. We also planted thousands of trees, and built a road completely around the lake. This dam later washed out. I don't know if it was ever replaced. Sometime in the future I plan to tour this area and would like to see a nice lake there.

That October, when my six months was up, I signed on for another six months, even an 18-year-old doesn't want to be out of work in the winter.

Our entire company was sent to a camp near Ravenna, Nebraska. Our job there was to plant trees and build small farm dams, also to contour hillsides to stop erosion. I hope that we improved the land there some.

Cold there, I'll say it was. We did not work if it was colder than 10 degrees above. There were 62 days in a row at one time when we never left the camp area to work. The boxing rings got some work-out that winter as could be expected when 25 men to the barrack had nothing to do, but I never saw a knife pulled or any other weapon for that matter. We were all glad when it warmed up and we could get back to work, and not be bored with everything.

When my six months were up, in April, 1936, I chose not to sign up again. I felt a little more grown up by then—after all, I was 19—that was the way I looked at it.

In January, 1938, I went back into the C.C.C. again, for another six months, this time, near Wellington, Colorado, at Camp Buckeye, where our principal work was stopping erosion. We worked on the North Poudre Irrigation Canals by building small waterfalls, of rock. Several of us learned to lay rock that winter. We were eligible for military hospitalization. Having pneumonia, I was sent to Fitzsimmons Army Hospital in Denver, where I received the same care as anyone would from the regular Army—a wonderful hospital.

EDUCATION

It should be mentioned here that all camps that I was in had a Civilian Education Instructor. We could sign up for many courses, for evening or weekend instruction. Subjects included typing, spelling, photo finishing, history, math, a very limited diesel mechanic course, etc. This did not, however, take the place of a high school education. I did take all of the above mentioned courses, at one time or another. Have wished more time could have been spent on some of the subjects, especially typing, spelling and math.

At Camp Buckeye we had a swimming pool, built by the boys with the L.E.M. supervising the work. This was a real professional job. We also had a gas-powered washing machine. It was too far from town to find anyone to do our washing for us, so this was real handy. Most of the barracks were heated by big, old, potbellied stoves (collectors' items now).

This writer has personally met several men, now successful in business, who had spent six months or more in the C.C.C. They all say that they did not know where they were headed when they joined this organization, as they say, the three Cs.

For this book I have tried to collect pictures from various parts of the country, from former C.C.C. men, showing them, some of their work and their camps.

There is still a lot left to be seen of the work done by the boys, and we bet there are a lot of men in their 50's or 60's at this time who remember being in the C.C.C.'s. They will tell you this

work might have kept them out of trouble, are proud of the time they spent there; some will say they wish that we had something like that for their grandsons.

Never once was a C.C.C. boy or L.E.M. made to feel he was accepting charity; each felt he was working for everything he got.

Mention is made here of the two or three stripes we could earn as promotions on the job—two stripes paid \$36; three stripes paid \$45. These were paid for being in charge of something or other. This usually was given the older men, who were more experienced; this as it should be, if one knew the job better, more should be paid. It also gave an incentive to work harder, and learn the job better.

It should be mentioned that when our six months were up, we were issued an honorable discharge, unless we signed up for a further six months. These discharges were military-like. I still have both of mine. We could get out before our six months were up if we had proof of a better job offer.

I would like to take this opportunity to praise F.D.R. (Franklin Delano Roosevelt) as well as anyone else instrumental in founding such a program, because I feel that it kept thousands of boys out of the penitentiary, this writer included. Also, these boys, thousands of them, were here to fight in World War II. If the Administration had not accomplished anything else, it surely started many boys on the right path toward a productive future helping them to help out in this, one of our nation's darkest days when nothing but despair and heartache lay ahead for so many.

Whether or not such a program would work now cannot be judged because now people are adjusted to such a higher scale of living and an education is so much easier to come by at this time, with all the Federal help, etc.

This would be a good spot to tell of the hobby shop at Camp Buckeye where many of the boys made fine things out of alabaster. This material could be carved or turned on the turning lathe, or even sawed. This made wonderful gifts, etc.

We had a couple of nice pool tables, also a stage in the recreation hall. People came out from Fort Collins, Colorado to put on plays and skits.

At the camp at Quinter, Kansas, there was an excellent baseball team, headed by a young fellow, Mickey Harris, who always referred to himself as, "this little Irishman." Believe he was from Pratt, Kansas. Uniforms for the ball team were furnished by the camp, from profits from the P.X. (Post Exchange). Travel was by Government trucks, everyone not on duty could attend the games.

At Quinter, Kansas camp, the trucks went to Wakeeney (about 18 miles), two or three times a week, for movies, etc. Ravenna, Nebraska camp was only about one and a half miles to town—just a good jog for a healthy, well-fed, 18- to 20-year-old.

(Do any of you remember those big cash drawings at the theaters in those days? I hope so because I'd hate to think I'm that much older than most of you.)

At Camp Buckeye, Wellington, Colorado, the trucks went into Fort Collins, about 30 miles distant, every Saturday A.M. I usually went in on the first Saturday of each month and hitched rides to Brush, Colorado, about 80 miles away, where I had lived and had friends. Then I'd return to Fort Collins in time to catch the trucks back to camp on Sunday night. You could stretch \$5 pretty far in those days.

The camps housed 200 men. One time at Camp Buckeye, we had Open House and everyone could invite whomever they wished. We expected perhaps 100 guests. I do not recall how many came, but we kept dumping more noodles and water into the chicken and noodles.

No boy was allowed to have a car in camp even if we were lucky enough to acquire one. Some of us managed to trade around and get some kind of a jalopy; I sold an older car for \$5, put \$2 with it and bought a 1927 Model T Ford, while at Ravenna, Nebraska. Made the trip home to Logan, Kansas, several times that winter, about 130 miles away. Three of us would pitch in and maybe make it home

about once a month. We left our cars at some of the farmers' places and were not charged. We were treated well by the people in the area.

In researching libraries and reading forest service manuals, I find that there were over 4,500 camps throughout the United States. Later on in this book I hope to show pictures of some of the lookout towers in the various forests, also some of the roads, dams, etc. built by the C.C.C. I have asked for as many pictures from as many people as I can contact. It is too much to hope for to get pictures from all of the states, if I could get pictures from eight or ten states I would feel that I am lucky.



Glenn Howell, aged 18.
Just enrolled in the 3Cs.
1935



Lake Sheridan, Quinter, Kansas one-third full. Fall 1935.



Camp Sheridan No. 2732 near Quinter, Kansas. Notice start of dam in background over the top of barracks. 1935.



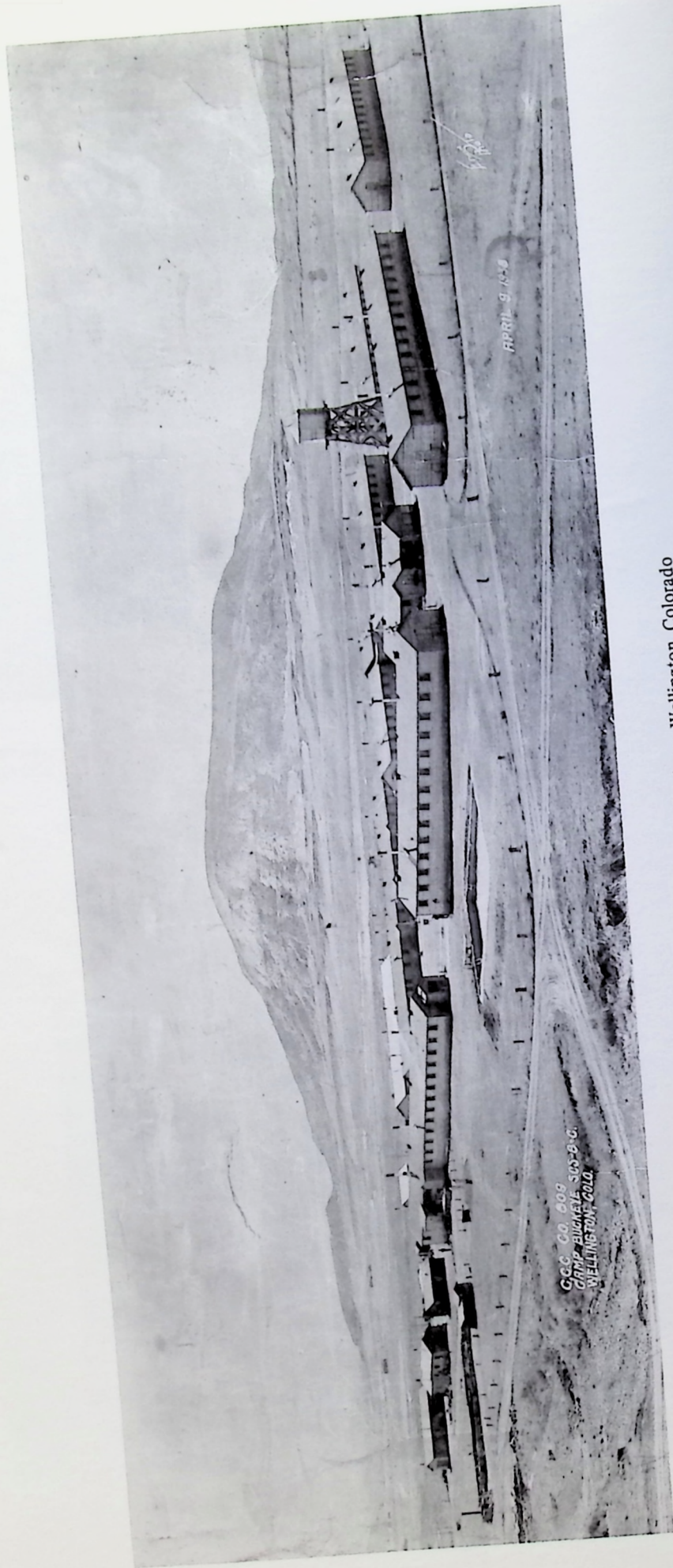
Main Street Camp 2732
Ravenna, Nebraska



(Left to Right) Glenn Howell,
Perry Foble, and Lionel Keen



Field chow line, Camp Buckeye, Wellington, Colorado
Hot chow was hauled out to the job
rather than cold sandwiches.



Company 809, Camp Buckeye, Wellington, Colorado



These bear pictures really have nothing to do with the 3Cs. We just wanted to include them for diversion, but they were taken in the area of the old Wineglass C.C.C. Camp in Crater Lake National Park. I am sharing a hamburger with a yearling. His timid brother? finally joined us. 1950.—G. Howell.

CCC SCORE HEAVILY IN OREGON FIRE CRISIS

"The CCC added new pages to its already brilliant record last week by helping meet the worst forest fire crisis of southwestern Oregon in many years, according to the U.S. Forest Service. Resettlement Administration and ERA workers and civilians played a vitally important role under the state and federal forest service along the 150 miles of coastal area north from Marshfield. But it was reserved for CCC flame tamers under the same agencies to "eat smoke," along with hundreds of civilians and foresters, in the hot spots from Marshfield south to the California line. Into this threatened area where wind-fanned flames snatched hungrily at timber stands, scenic forest strips, ranches and towns, some 1,500 enrollees from 32 CCC companies helped meet the emergency. Here state, local and federal forest agencies battled fires, rescued settlers, succored the injured and held disaster to a minimum.

"CCC rescuers under State direction at Bandon arrived early from State camps at Sitkum, Woahink Lake, Gunter and Walker, the last two made up of Oregon boys. Tuckloads of boys from more distant State camps, and national Forest camps in Oregon and Washington rumbled into the fire base early last week. Tales of heroic work are drifting through from the front. Hundreds of dwellings, a sawmill, docks, dozens of buildings and pieces of equipment were saved. Typical of rescue tales is that of tree troopers saving an old lady who was clutching two jars of fruit and the family Bible, total salvage of her earthly possessions. One mother and small baby were brought to safety in the nick of time. A logger whose truck had caught on fire, with flames melting the tires, was rescued by CCCs. At least three CCC boys were in the Coquille hospital last week suffering from smoke inhaled in such rescue work.

"Grimly humorous interludes varied the more ghastly descriptions. One Billy goat with chin whiskers burned off was reported still munching tin cans in the fire area. A rancher speeding down the safe road with his trailer on fire had no time to stop.

"In the darkness and smoke fire fighters encountered the baffling difficulty of not even knowing where the fires were and what territory was surrounded. In this maelstrom of wind-driven smoke and flame, men and boys worked like Trojans, sometimes realizing that their own lives might depend on success.

"More than 900 'tree troopers' were sent from state camps, while forest service camps at first furnished some 600 CCCs and later sent an additional 500.

"Plenty of spectacular heroism, and obscure deeds of mercy were noted, but as usual the grim back breaking, day and night job of fighting fire in dense coast mountain tangles, made up the truly great public service of the CCC. Cheerful enthusiasm and fine morale greeted each hard task. The Army, with its customary precision and efficiency in critical places took over the camp and provision service while the work agencies, including the State and U.S. Forest Service directed the fire fighting and furnished the equipment."

THE GREAT FOREST FIRES OF WESTERN OREGON

This tells of the great forest fires in Western Oregon in 1936.

During the last ten days of September, record-breaking east winds swept across the coastal region of southwest Oregon. Other parts of the state experienced similar conditions but not to such a marked degree. Many existing fires, as well as those started during this period, were immediately swept out of control. All available C.C.C. men were sent to the fire lines and many civilian fire fighters were employed. Hundreds of miles of fire lines were constructed and thousands of men battled the flames.

On the night of September 26, the town of Bandon, Oregon was destroyed. This fire started several miles east of the town. Large crews of fire fighters were sent by the Coos County Association to combat the flames. When it became apparent that all attempts to stop the fire were useless, fire fighters turned their efforts toward the evacuation of Bandon. The fire struck near midnight and burned with such intensity that the town was a mass of ruins before morning. Nine individuals, all elderly people, lost their lives. Some of them apparently became confused and would not leave. Others failed to realize the seriousness of the situation and remained in their homes. Loss of life would have been far greater had not the C.C.C. enrollees and other workers forcibly removed some of the residents from their homes.

Property values destroyed by this fire, mostly in the town of Bandon, amounted to one and a half million dollars—(this before inflation prices when men were working for \$30 a month)—and represented seventy-five percent of the total fire loss in the State for the season.

The season's toll of lives lost in fires and fire-fighting included three C.C.C. enrollees. Herbert P. French, Waterbury, Connecticut, was killed and fourteen other enrollees, all from the Triangle Lake C.C.C. camp, were injured when a truck plunged over a fifty foot embankment, near the summit of the Siuslaw Highway, while the men were on their way to the fires in Coos County.

Victor T. Kironac, Rhode Island, enrollee of the Trask C.C.C. Camp, was instantly killed on the Yachats fire when struck by a falling snag. Raymond B. Cox, of the Warrenton Soil Conservation Camp, was killed by a falling snag, while fighting fire in Clatsop County. This camp is not under the jurisdiction of the State Forester but its personnel was subject to fire call in the Northwest area.

Special instruction in fire fighting work was provided in the early part of the season for the facilitation personnel and enrollees of the various C.C.C. camps. There were several hundred C.C.C. men immediately available for fire duty. These included the regular camps on the Trask and Nehalem Rivers as well as side camps at Reehers, Boyington and Fairdale. The Warrenton Soil Conservation Camp and the Saddle Mountain State Park Camp were also subject to fire call. A similar protective plan augmented by additional lookouts, roads, trails and telephone lines, is planned for the 1937 season.

The C.C.C. not only carried on the major portion of the annual improvement work in the forest, which is a part of the protective program, but also carried out very extensive improvement projects which would have been impossible of accomplishment short of fifteen or more years, without such assistance. The efficiency of the protective work has been greatly increased through these improvements made by the C.C.C.

During the early part of June, 1936, the Bradford O. & C. Camp and the Reehers and Mill City Private Land Camps were abandoned. This left the State of Oregon with twelve camps for the balance of the year, as follows:

Two state Land camps—Walker and Arboretum; three O. and C. camps—Gunter, Sitkum and

McKinley; seven private camps—Wimer, Hilgard, Black Rock, Trask, Crabtree, Triangle Lake and Nehalem.

One of the major projects carried out over the 1936 season was the construction of buildings for the Salem Headquarters. Buildings which have been constructed consist of an office, warehouse, machine shop, mess hall, machine storage space and paint shop. All overhaul work on trucks, caterpillars, bulldozers and other heavy equipment was done in these shops. Heavy trucks were used to transport this equipment from the various camps to Salem with very little delay.

The C.C.C. built, on the summit of Bunker Hill, Oregon, just south of the town of Marshfield (now Coos Bay), several buildings. They consisted of a residence office, warehouse and combined water and lookout tower. In addition to being very attractive, the location also made an excellent lookout point.

Fire fighting was perhaps the most important of the many services performed by the C.C.C. organization. During the year 1936, personnel of the various camps spent 74,768 man-days on the fire line. During the serious fires in Southwestern Oregon, practically the entire personnel of all State and Forest Service camps in Oregon and also from several camps in Washington was pressed into service throughout the conflagration area. The C.C.C. organization was highly commended on the action taken during this critical period.

A glance at the work performed by the various camps within the State units since the establishment of the Corps, provides ample proof of the vast benefits gained by the State. A total of 701 miles of new truck trails has been constructed, and nearly 1,200 miles maintained; 234 horse trails built and 1,344 miles maintained; 964 miles of new telephone lines have been added to the Protective Telephone system, while 2,305 miles have been maintained. Forty guard cabins and 31 lookout towers have been constructed at various points throughout the Protective Units. All these improvements have added greatly to the efficiency of the Protective work. The most impressive figure, however, is the 153,713 man-days spent in fire fighting since April, 1933.

Taken as a whole, the C.C.C. movement has received nationwide endorsement, and there have been numerous recommendations that it be made a permanent part of the Federal Government activities. It is very probable that this action will be taken inasmuch as reports from Washington, D.C. indicate that such a program has the President's endorsement.

It is also intimated that the Corps will be definitely assigned to some federal bureau for administration, such as the Department of Agriculture or Department of the Interior. Up to the present time it has been working as an independent unit.

This chapter was copied almost verbatim from the twenty-sixth annual report of the State Forester of the State of Oregon, 1936. The following from the twenty-seventh annual report:

Up to the time of the organization of the C.C.C. in 1933, the improvement work in State and Association units had lagged. This was not through failure to realize its importance, but was due to the excessive cost of such work as road, telephone line and building construction. Since this work had to be financed largely by the private timberland owners, it was necessary that it be spread over a long period of time.

With the advent of the C.C.C. camps, a program of improvement was inaugurated which in four and a half years has far exceeded the most ambitious plans proposed by any organization prior to the Federal C.C.C. aid. Without it, it is doubtful whether under the State and Association Program it would ever have been possible to reach the stage which has now become an actuality.

Field Headquarters which have been partially or entirely completed during the year include the Coos Association at Marshfield (Coos Bay), Northeast Oregon at LaGrande, Douglas County Fire Patrol Association at Roseburg, and the Western Lane County Fire Patrol Association at Veneta,

completed buildings in each of the units include a three-room cabin, warehouse and crew house. Garages are either completed or are included in future plans. Other association units of this nature are to be constructed in the future.

The additional value of the C.C.C. organization to the State is emphasized in the following tabulation of the work accomplished since April, 1933:

Headquarters buildings	26
Guard cabins	30
Lookout towers	19
Lookout houses	6
Nursery buildings	2
Truck trails (miles)	615
Horse trails (miles)	130
Telephone lines (miles)	899
Fire breaks (miles)	307
Fire fighting (man-days)	166,733

There has been a large amount of additional work accomplished not included in the above. It consists of the maintenance of existing roads, trails and telephone lines, construction of numerous bridges (including some up to 100 feet in length), airport construction, fencing of experimental tracts, tree planting, nursery practice, boundary surveys and similar activities.

Actual fire suppression is one of the main objectives of the C.C.C. in Oregon.

To develop a highly trained, well-organized group of men, three-day schools were held in various camps, including not only those under the administration of the State Forester but additional camps under other administrative organizations with which fire suppression agreements existed.

Excerpts From

A BRIEF HISTORY OF OREGON STATE PARK SYSTEM

By S. H. Boardman

By Courtesy of Oregon Historical Society

The late Mr. Boardman, known as the "Father of the Oregon State Parks System," states in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly* VLV the following about the Saddle Mountain State Park, located about twelve miles, air line, east of Seaside, Oregon. The area in 1954 covered 3,054 acres. The following about the C.C.C.

During the C.C.C. movement in Oregon, a camp of 200 boys was set up for the development of Saddle Mountain Park. They constructed seven miles of road into the park, a heavy log type bridge across the Lewis and Clark River, and sixteen miles of fire protective trails, surveyed the park boundaries and did fire hazard reduction and reforestation work.

These C.C.C. boys played a part in laying the foundation for the development of the State Park System. The park would not have become a reality if it had not been for the C.C.C. agenda to construct roads.

Saddle Mountain Park is destined to play a prominent part in the recreational development of the northwest section of the State of Oregon.

We wish that space would permit more about what Mr. Boardman had to say about this wonderful park, but what pictures are shown here will surely speak louder than words. So we will move on to what Mr. Boardman had to say about Ecola (the whale) State Park, located on the coast in Clatsop County, between Seaside and Cannon Beach.

Acreage in the year 1954 was 1,106. The name was derived from the Chinook Indian word, *ekoli*, meaning whale, first applied by Captain Clark in 1806 to the creek now called Elk Creek.

In the fall of 1934, a C.C.C. camp was established at the park, until the spring of 1936, when the camp was closed. Many improvements were made. One of the important ones being new approach roads to the park. "The old road was of a circuitous nature with exceedingly steep grades; at one point, it directly bordered the ocean. After every storm the road would be blockaded with two or three feet of sand. It was a thrilling ride to reach Ecola Point in the early days. The C.C.C. boys, under the direction of the National Park Service, constructed water systems, picnic areas, trails, a caretaker's house, (a stone building), as well as forest cleanup. Without the aid of the C.C.C. boys, our parks would have been years in arrears in their development. With the acquisition of the Ecola Point property, the northern border of which reached pretty well up on the southern slope of Tillamook Head, a move was started to acquire the ocean frontage northward to Seaside. Tillamook Head is one of the outstanding promontories of the Oregon coastline. To link Seaside and Cannon Beach by trail would be exceedingly beneficial recreationally. The time will come when a separate horse trail will be constructed between the two resorts." This in 1954.

Again, let us leave it up to photos to tell more about work in which the C.C.C. was instrumental in developing and move on to one of the other wonderful Oregon State Parks. This time let us see what Mr. Boardman had to say in his praise of the part the Corps boys played in the developing of Silver Creek State Park, located in Marion County, 20 miles east of Salem. The area in 1954 covered 8,259 acres, including both the Silver Creek State Park proper and the Recreational Demonstration Project Units. This property contained the Silver Falls townsite, the surveying and plotting of which ex-President Herbert Hoover as a boy had helped his uncle do. "The 'city' at the time we bought it consisted of a church, a store, blacksmith shop, dance hall and several dwellings. Only one family composed the city at this time. Our parking area is now located on the townsite." (As this is a book on C.C.C. achievements, let us skip over to the mention of that organization.)

On March 30, 1935, the Commission signed up with the U.S. Army for the establishment of a C.C.C. camp at Silver Falls State Park, the Army to have supervision of 200 boys while off duty. The National Park Service was to have supervision of the boys during the working period. Plans for development were made at the park, then sent to the National Park Service office in San Francisco for checking, often sent to the Washington office for rechecking.

Throughout the entire state I had at one time seven C.C.C. camps working in the parks and at this peak period there were twenty-seven National Park inspectors touring the camps and parks office.

I recall a two-year period wherein the blueprints were worn out through the various agencies discussing the proper stresses of a foot bridge crossing the Rogue River at Casey State Park. In sheer desperation, to save the budget set up for the bridge, I traded the Casey Bridge for a "privy" at Honeyman Park.

The parks of the State up to the time of the C.C.C. boys had little development. With the advent of the camps, the boys actually constructed the development foundation of our Park System. Some have complained of the cost of the development. The actual intent of the movement was to take young boys off the city streets and character mould them into future citizenship. It was a marvelous movement and the results inestimable. I was a witness to the transformation, and always counted the benefits to the boys and discounted the cost of their labor and results.

The Army was superb in the handling and care of the boys. The National Parks Service in the directive development plans always kept the improvement within park propriety and good taste.

The C.C.C. camp was established in 1935 and occupied by the C.C.C. boys until 1938, when World War I veterans took over until 1941. During this regime, eighty-eight park projects were worked on, running from boundary surveys, trails, tables, parking, sewerage water systems, buildings. During this period of development the Government spent ninety-seven percent, the State, three percent. The Government spent a total of \$410,000 in this development, surely a boon to the Parks Division.

The park fell heir to a very fine gift in the C.C.C. camp at the termination of the C.C.C. movement. The camp is used during the summer months by church organizations.

In the myrtle furniture gracing the concession buildings lies a story. Elmer Bankus of Brookings gave me two myrtle logs five feet in diameter and forty feet in length. I found a one-man sawmill about five miles north of Brookings, Oregon, where I got the material cut to the dimension for the furniture. How the sawmill man ever handled these large logs on his teapot mill will ever be a mystery to me. C.C.C. trucks got the material to Corvallis where they went into the Oregon State College experimental kiln, weighing 18,000 pounds, and came out sixty days later weighing 8,000 pounds; the furniture has never warped or cracked.

From these two logs came twenty-five tables with tops three inches thick; eighty-two chairs in the same heavy construction, eleven wall and fireplace benches, and one large dining bureau. I'll venture to say that this is the only heavy type myrtle furniture in the Nation. To get this noted piece of art done in Myrtlewood was a two-year project. It cost \$500. You price its value as is or cut into souvenirs.

This chapter was taken almost verbatim from the *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, with thanks to the memory of Mr. Boardman and for the credit given the C.C.C. organization. Really, there is no yardstick to measure the contribution of either to the Park System.

CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS ADMINISTRATIVE JOB

This book would be incomplete without telling of the tremendous job of setting this whole machine into operation, getting the wheels turning, finding the smoothest path, and keeping up the momentum, for the velocity of which this program moved, once the go-ahead was given, had never been equalled in peacetime anywhere in the world.

The seventy-third Congress authorized what was to become the Civilian Conservation Corps and it was approved by President Franklin D. Roosevelt when less than a month in office.

We find the first move was to find a Director for the newly formed organization, who could work with four United States departments, these being Agriculture, Interior, Labor and War. This man turned out to be the very able Robert Fechner.

The Army, being a part of the War Department, took on the tremendous job of being responsible for the general welfare of the men, providing clothing, housing, food, medical care and the transportation of the men, and to have charge of them on their off-duty hours. This was no small job for, as we mentioned, the velocity of this program is illustrated by the fact that over one quarter of a million men were enrolled, clothed and housed, in mostly tent city type camps, although some were housed in older Army camps, in three months.

The feeding and clothing of these men, along with almost any material used by the camp during construction, was purchased by the U.S. Army Quartermaster. Someone had to have the know-how and who but the Quartermaster could handle a job of such magnitude.

The Agriculture Department's Forest Service, and the Interior Department, all had charge of what work the boys did, be it park building, fire fighting, soil conservation, forest service lookouts, trails, access roads, dam construction, telephone line laying and maintenance, tree planting, etc. This again was no small job, and had to be handled by people who had the engineering ability and technical knowledge of the job at hand.

We find that C.C.C. boys under the supervision of one of the aforementioned departments, with the able foremen, and the local experienced men, built over one-half million dams, these from small dams on farms to the larger dams for lakes (we mentioned the large concrete dam we helped build near Quinter, Kansas, this under Forest Service supervision and engineering).

We have often thought that the mobilization of such momentum was good practice, so that the War Department knew a little more of what they were getting into when the great mobilization of Armed Forces had to be carried out at the start of World War II, because some expertise was surely visible in the great enrollment of World War II.

The Department of Labor's job was to sift through the thousands of applicants to find the ones in need; this, upon the recommendations of the various State Relief agencies.

We will have to state here from our own experience that, in our belief, no such a program could have been successful without the guidance from these various departments.

The Army knew how to keep order in camp on our off-duty hours and how to feed, clothe, house and furnish transportation to various events for such a magnitude of men.

The Forest Service had known for years the work that had to be done, but were under-manned at that time, and this work piled up so. They were ready, willing and able to jump right in, when the manpower was made available, and get the wheels rolling.

From our many talks with men who were in the forest service before the C.C.C., they had been trying for years to get an appropriation of funds to get these trails, roads and lookout towers, and many other things built and maintained. So this three C's program would have accomplished very little in the forest had it not been for these men who had the experience and wisdom to utilize this manpower to its greatest advantage, and the tremendous amount of work accomplished in those nine years which they supervised the C.C.C. can be seen.

The Soil Conservation Service (S.C.S.), whose job it was to stop erosion caused by wind or water, was in many cases stopped by dams to back up water, forming thousands of lakes. (We hope to be able to find pictures showing how bad the land was being wasted in many places by erosion.)

We have an old newspaper account of the two and one-half billion tree seedlings planted by the three C's boys, and we know that some of this was done under S.C.S. supervision, as well as Forest Service. We have seen many farms in the midwest where big gullies were washed through the countryside so as to make the land almost useless, contours were put in to stop the water from rushing down over the land, some of this by small dams and the planting of trees. Trees were planted, too, to stop wind erosion which was equally damaging.

During the early 1930's, much of the great plains suffered terrible dust storms, there being no foliage to keep the soil from blowing away. The millions of trees planted slowed down this wind. The S.C.S. people knew what shrubs or trees to plant in which areas, to hold the soil. We think such action saved much of the midwest.

This writer was in this part of the country (midwest), in 1971, at which time it appeared much better than in 1935!

So we have to praise the men with the technical knowledge of how best to stop erosion, for without this knowledge and application of it, all this manpower would have been used to no avail and this would have been a great loss.

We mentioned the thousands of lakes and small ponds being built and remember hearing at the time of engineers stating that water attracts water. With the great drouth of the 30's, they were willing to try anything, in this great dust bowl, especially. It seems to have worked.

Thanks again to men who had the foresight to see a need and to have filled it. Isn't that what great Americans have always done, to make this the most prosperous Nation in the world?

SUPPLIES AND SUPPLIERS

We by no means wish to try to give the impression that the benefit derived from the Civilian Conservation Corps was just to the boys, their families, or the work done in various parts of the country—fire fighting, erosion control, forest improvement, by trail building, snag falling, lake and park building, and entomology (insect control).

Entomology: It has been said that insects destroy millions of board feet of timber every year to say nothing about other crops ruined each year by insects. But this article is not concerned with the work the C.C.C. did.

We will now go into the financial impact the C.C.C. Program had on the country as a whole. We have no actual figures to put forth so let us do a little supposition about supplies and job creation.

How many man-hours were involved by the lumber industry to furnish the lumber for all these buildings, how big a boost did it give the electric and plumbing industries, the beef and vegetable growers, wool producers, blanket manufacturers, shoe factories, pots and pans, stoves, trucks and machinery, also wheelbarrows, even uniform makers. This is just a lead-in, you can use your own imagination as to all the other manufacturers and suppliers. Let us just think of the chain from producer to consumer (the C.C.C. camps). The first thing that comes to mind in supposing is uniforms, blankets and shoes. The U.S. Army Quartermaster was responsible for getting this all together, and to the destination where it was needed, be it Coon Valley, Wisconsin, Atlanta, Georgia, Medford, Oregon, or Fairbanks, Alaska. Take the item of uniforms first. We know that the garment industry and the wool producers were suffering from the crunch of the Great Depression of the 1930's, when millions of workers were laid off and out of work. (There was no unemployment insurance then.)

Uniforms: The Quartermaster sent out specifications and requests for bids to the garment industry, for millions of pairs of pants, shirts, etc. This, in turn, put thousands of people back to work, created a market for the staggering wool industry, put hundreds of people back to work transporting these uniforms to the various destinations.

Shoes: Each enrollee in the C.C.C. had two pairs of shoes, so the shoe manufacturers put hundreds of people back to work making these shoes and producing the leather for the millions of pairs of shoes needed to outfit the largest working force of men and boys ever assembled anywhere in the world. Just imagine the boost this gave the area where a shoe plant reopened and put hundreds back to work.

Food: This writer personally knows of what a boost this program gave the potato producers as we have helped load many a truck with "spuds" while living in the South Platte Valley of Colorado, these trucks headed for various three C camps in other parts of the country. This created a market for the potato-producing jobs for thousands of workers in the potato fields, jobs for the truckers and other means of transportation. This is just for potatoes, so think of all the other vegetable growers and transporters.

We also knew people in the beef-producing areas who put on extra help, bought more lumber for corrals, bought more trucks to get this beef to the packing houses that had large quartermaster contracts, to say nothing of the number of persons put back to work in the packing houses.

We are not implying that all of the supplies were bought away from the area where the camps were because we know that Army trucks went into the nearby towns often to get supplies from the local merchants, and we also know that this caused a good financial impact on any community where a camp was located. We think this was good for an area that was fortunate enough to have a three C's camp nearby.

We do say that the average C.C.C. boy did not spend much money in town as the majority of us

got only \$30 monthly, with \$25 of that being sent home, but we did manage to take in a show and maybe some pie and coffee once in a while. However, that amount multiplied by 200 boys must have helped the towns in putting a few more people to work.

Fuel: In all of the areas where we were located, we cooked and heated with coal, some or all of it delivered by local coal dealers thus putting local men to work.

We suspect that a large proportion of those reading this book, had either been in the C.C.C.'s, or perhaps a relative was. It will probably be told of the fuel situation at the camp in question. We have talked with several men who were stationed in the timbered country where they had a regular wood-cutting detail, for they heated, cooked and baked with wood as fuel.

The amount of work created through the existence of the C.C.C., through its purchases of supplies and material that otherwise would have been nonexistent, is quite evident as herein related; another example is, the laundry of sheets and pillow cases in the area, no small contract, helping the laboring forces in this regard.

We are certain the movement of C.C.C. boys and whole companies from one coast to the other by train was surely a boost to the railroads. We have told here of a contingent of three companies—600 boys and officers, travelling six days and nights from West Virginia to Redmond, Oregon; another from Alabama to Medford, Oregon, a six-day journey. This helped the railroads to get more trains back in operation and more men back to work, both on the trains and in the roundhouses, as well as in the mines and smelters, track repair, and on and on.

We should mention here the truck and auto manufacturers. We know there were several trucks, a staff car and an ambulance at each camp, to say nothing of the cars and trucks used at each district headquarters. Much gasoline was ordered from local dealers.

The thought came to us that instead of these boys out bumming rides on freight trains from coast to coast, they were now being carried from coast to coast by the railroads, the fare being paid by the C.C.C. organization. A Government ticket from coast to coast, these boys being well-fed instead of going hungry or bumming a meal. It was interesting to see the large kitchens on these trains; it was not the most convenient way of cooking a meal, but something to remember, nevertheless.

On the third anniversary of the C.C.C., President Roosevelt in a speech stated that one and one-half million boys had been on the rolls of the Civilian Conservation Corps.

In conclusion, we wish to say that millions of dollars were put into circulation for the aforementioned items, and more not mentioned, which required millions of man-days of labor to produce.

So, as we began this chapter, we will leave it up to the reader to decide whether or not for every boy in the three C's, five or more persons benefitted financially from the organization's program in one way or another. This is not taking into account the boys' families, the number of Army Reserve officers called to active duty, the many Forest Service and Soil Conservation Service personnel put to work as engineers, supervisors and foremen, etc., but simply to furnish the supplies and transportation.

NATIONAL PARKS

We find that the C.C.C. did a tremendous amount of work in the National Parks of America and feel this book would not be complete without at least a mention of that work. We have at least three articles from men who worked at Crater Lake National Park in Southern Oregon and one from a fellow who worked in a State Park.

The list numbers some 25 National Parks that the 3-C's Program helped improve with roads, campsites, trail building, retaining wall construction and buildings. We do not have a list of the nearly

20 National Monuments that used C.C.C. labor but have found that the combination of these included more than eight million acres. Admittedly we have no idea of the exact number of State, County or City parks either built, or vastly improved, by the three C's boys.

A thought comes to mind that if the wars the United States has been in since 1941 had not occurred, and the C.C.C. could have become a permanent organization as they were trying to make it in 1940, what wonderful parks, roads, campsites, etc. we could have had with but one-tenth of one percent of the manpower expended, and one ten-thousandth the amount of money, with scarcely any loss of lives. Yet, there have been thousands of books written, many movies made and countless hours showing war on T.V. What we are trying to bring out in this book is that the C.C.C. was one of the most humanitarian programs thought up by the U.S. Government, inasmuch as it saved our natural resources, improved the country, as well as the making of men out of millions of boys.

Following is a list of 25 National Parks (referred to in second paragraph above):

Hot Springs, (Ark.); Grand Canyon (Ariz.); Mt. McKinley, (Alaska); Lassen Volcanic, (Calif.); General Grant, (Calif.); Sequoia, (Calif.); Yosemite, (Calif.); Mesa Verde, (Colo.); Rocky Mountain, (Colo.); Abraham Lincoln, (Ky.); Bryce Canyon, (Utah); Zion, (Utah); Crater Lake, (Ore.); Ft. McHenry, (Md.); Hawaii, (T.H.); Mt. Rainier, (Wash.); Platt, (Okla.); Wind Cave, (So. Dak.); Yellowstone, (Wyo.); Grand Teton, (Wyo.); Great Smokey Mountain, (No. Carolina & Tenn.); Shenandoah, (Va.); Acadia, (Me.); Glacier, (Mont.); Carlsbad Caverns, (N.M.).

We wish that we had the time to tour all 25 of these parks and photograph some of the work still visible, accomplished over 40 years ago, but that would require at least four volumes for this book. However, we want to get out a record of this while enough of us are still around to remember being a part of this largest peacetime organization the world has ever known.

If the response to this book is great enough, we wouldn't mind tackling a volume 2, if enough readers send in material, but we will wait and see.

MALHEUR NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE

This is one of the largest wildlife refuges in the United States. The original part of this National Refuge was set aside by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1908. Through his love of wildlife and the fact that he realized the need for conservation of our natural resources, it was first set aside for migratory waterfowl but since was changed to include all forms of wildlife.

This act by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1908 has been credited for the pattern for which the late Franklin D. Roosevelt used to set up the Civilian Conservation Corps. The latter Roosevelt had the foresight to see and believed that while saving our natural resources—wildlife, forest, parks, etc. he also had another natural resource that needed saving—the youth to work saving these natural resources while at the same time save themselves. Getting back to information about the Refuge and the part the three C's played in the creating of same.

Malheur Lake was chosen as one of the outstanding areas on the North American continent for development.

Twenty-five years after this area had been set aside for a wildlife refuge, the entire lake region was dried up and practically destroyed due to lack of water and the changes of conditions. Waterfowl had diminished in number so rapidly during the past several years that funds had been allotted to the Fish and Wildlife Service for restoring breeding and feeding areas which had been destroyed. So the C.C.C. was moved into the area to restore it to usefulness, this by building dykes and canals to carry the water to the various lakes, ponds and swamps. This was helpful for fire protection use in dry months. They also constructed two 100 foot observation towers from which fire could be spotted for some distance. Many miles of telephone wire were installed, to keep in touch; many miles of roads

were built and a great many miles of boundary fence have been constructed and posted against trespassing. Hundreds of trees were planted around the various headquarters and roads.

Malheur National Wildlife Refuge is just one of the many such areas which was helped if not saved by the Civilian Conservation Corps, and is now one of America's great outdoor museums of Natural History.

We hope to cover many more great areas such as this where the C.C.C. helped.

A CHOWHOUND IN THE C.C.C.

You hear the bugle blowing
At the rising of the Sun
You wash your face and comb your hair
And hit the mess hall on the run.

You crowd into the mess hall
And be seated with the rest
What have we got for breakfast?
Just a plate of S.O.S.!

There is scrambled eggs on Wednesday
And there's fish on Friday too
But we always dream of chicken
when we're eating Irish stew.

We think of mama's cooking
when we're eating evening chow
We'd give up our week end passes
To be at her table now.

We dream of mama's pancakes
And her eggs and bacon too
And those chocolate cakes on Sunday
Please let this dream come true.

The boys all call me chowhound
From the way I feed my face
But Lord I've gained just 30 pounds
Since I come to this here place.

I guess with all my griping
And thinking so much of food
I will be truthful and admit
They really feed us GOOD.

—Glenn Howell, 4/30/76

PERSONAL VIEWS OF FORMER ENROLLEES

KEITH ARASMITH

Present address: 918 - 2nd Ave., Gold Hill, Oregon 97525

Keith was living at Glead, Washington at the time he enrolled in the C.C.C. and was sent to Camp Natches, Washington which was only 20 or 30 miles from home, spending about one and one-half years at this location. Their work here consisted of trail building, maintenance, and fighting fire.

Keith learned to operate heavy equipment, an occupation that has stayed with him most of his life. Knowing how to operate this equipment really helped him during World War II as he joined the 802nd Aviation Engineers and was in charge of heavy equipment on Atka Island in the Aleutian Island chain.

After Keith's stay at Natches, Washington, he was sent to Mt. McKinley, Alaska, Camp Denali, spending nearly five months here. The work here was building houses for the Parks Department. Keith says these houses were really insulated against the cold as the temperature there in the winter dropped to 30 below at times.

Keith says they used sled dogs there in the winter, sometimes making a three-day trip going up. But coming back, which was all downhill, the driver rode the sled and made this 80-mile trip in one day. We guess these dogs were anxious to get back to the kennel, as the food was probably better there.

The view of McKinley from this trip Keith says was beyond one's imagination. (This is a trip we would like to take sometime, especially with the sled dogs.)

Keith thinks this was an opportunity of a lifetime, with the 3 C's, and one which only they could have given him. He has talked with dozens of fellows who wish something like this could be going on now for the youth of the country. There is certainly much of this type work to be done at this time in the forests and parks, etc.



Mt. McKinley National Park No. 1 CCC Camp Denali, Alaska (from Keith Arasmith's collection).

WAYNE ASH

Present address: 708 Ragsdale Road, Trail, Oregon 97541

Wayne called Trail, Oregon home when he went to work for the Forest Service in 1926, so he was part of the Forest Service personnel when the 3-C's came to Oregon. He worked with Lyle Hard of Applegate, Oregon, about whom we have another article. They worked on road construction from Talent, Oregon, up over Anderson Butte, one of the landmarks in the Southern Oregon Siskiyou Mountain Range. The road was built to the top of Anderson Butte from the Talent, Oregon side, and was completed down to the Applegate River, about 18 miles of some real rugged country. This was done by three C's boys under the supervision of the Forest Service.

Another project they worked on with the use of C.C.C. boys was the road around Rabbit Ear, another familiar landmark on the way to Diamond Lake, above Union Creek, Oregon. This is a sight you can't miss seeing if you are ever in Southern Oregon and make this drive to Diamond Lake, 80 miles from Medford.

Wayne has the largest collection of pictures of anyone we have visited so far. We were especially glad to get these pictures of 3-C boys on different equipment, as we had written in the Introduction about boys ages 18 to 20 learning to operate equipment, become carpenters, bakers, etc. These pictures show the boys at this type of work.



Charley Fry, a C.C.C. boy and Norm White, with a 30 Gas "Cat," a pretty popular "cat" at that time. 1933.



Building the Mt. Ashland Road from Applegate Valley. Wayne Ash at the controls. This was pretty rough country.

Wayne was in the Union Creek Camp as Forest Service personnel, operating equipment also at Carberry Creek. This is in the Applegate area. He also worked with the C.C.C. at the South Fork Camp, this near the headwater of the famous Rogue River (noted for its fishing all over the West).

This makes five camps Wayne worked at with the 3-C's, mostly all road building. He says this surely did the boys a lot of good being in the 3-C's as it took them out into the open, taught them a useful trade and how to get along with others. Wayne states these boys were really good on forest fires. They again used the one lick method, where everyone made a lick with the axe, polaski, or shovel. The next boy behind him would make a lick too; by the time they each got by, the job was finished. But they were all glad when night came and a chance to rest up.

Thank you, Wayne.



Wayne Ash and Grant Neely at Diamond Lake. Mt. Thielson in the background. 1933.

ALFRED R. BAKER

Present address: Office, Royal Crest Motel, Medford, Oregon 97501

Al was living in Lincoln, Nebraska at the time he enrolled in the C.C.C. and was sent by train to Lebanon, Kansas. There they were loaded onto trucks and taken to camp about 8 or 10 miles from town.

This was a Soil Conservation camp where their main work was stopping erosion, as so much farm land was being wasted by erosion, both rain and wind. They built small dams on some of the farms, planted thousands of trees thus stopping the wind from blowing the whole country away.

A few weeks after arriving at Camp Lebanon, Al was called in for Headquarters detail. This consisted of keeping everything clean and orderly, and fires going in the offices. Al was in camp five months and left because he found work at home, one of the requirements for getting out before your six months were up.

Al wants to state that he was always treated real well. He says that there was someone on duty at the Medics building at all times to take care of any illness that might show up with any of the boys. Keeping them in good health seemed to be the object of both Lt. Caldwell and Dr. McLean. Another thing Al noticed was that many of the boys on arrival at camp hadn't been eating too well or regularly, a situation which was promptly corrected.

We appreciate the pictures Al furnished us for this book as they show the large gullies in this part of the country.

More on Camp Lebanon in Hugh Glenn's article.



(Above) Erosion control work at Camp Lebanon, Kansas.

(Left) Example of erosion near Camp Lebanon, Kansas.

(Photographs on this page and the top of the following page are from Al Baker's collection.)



Lt. Caldwell and Dr. McLean
Camp Lebanon, Kansas.

OLIVER W. BIGELOW

Present address: P. O. Box 245, Shady Cove, Oregon 97539

Oliver's home town at time of enrollment was Coos Bay (formerly called Marshfield), Oregon. He was sent to a camp 32 miles up the Rogue River from Gold Beach, Oregon. The principal job there was road building, also fire fighting. This was early in the spring of 1933; this makes them pioneers in the C.C.C., which was begun in April, 1933.

The only way into the area was by boat, pack mule, or walk. These pictures show them blasting out the hillside for roads, etc. Mail was brought in by boat. Men from this camp were called out on several fires that year.

To indicate how rugged this country was, and still is, a lot of it has since been set aside as a Wilderness Area. There were several Spike camps working out of this camp as road crews. Many of these roads were later used as access roads during forest fires. Without these roads it would have been nearly impossible to get to these fires, the loss would have been much greater. We feel this was pretty much the start of really getting a road through this part of the country.

In order to get a "crawler" tractor into this area, it was "walked" up the Pistol River trail to a point where it could come over the ridge and down to the mouth of the Illinois River. This was the first land vehicle to make it into this part of the country under its own power. The whole population of this community came to watch.

This part of Oregon has some of the most beautiful scenery one can find anywhere, and we know the C.C.C. played a large part in preserving this beauty for future generations. After all, one of the main projections of this organization was to conserve our natural resources and scenic beauty.

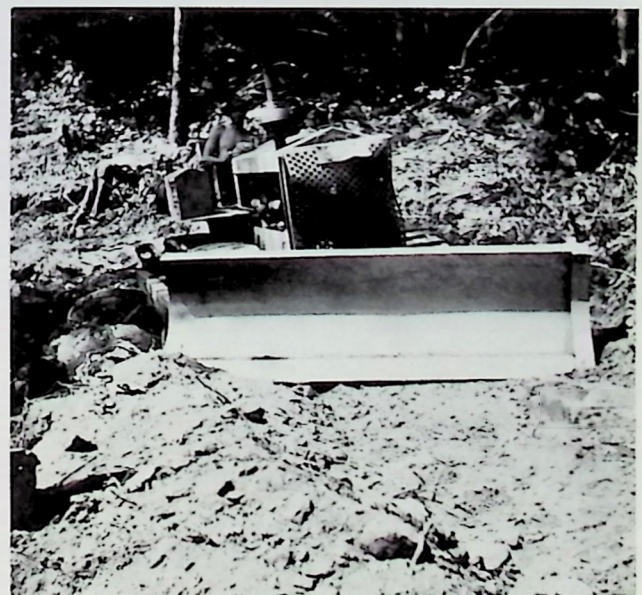
Again, we wish to state that we hope to get down this way for some up-to-date pictures of what the C.C.C. accomplished in this remote area.

(Right) C.C.C. Camp at Agness, Oregon on the Rogue River.



(Left) Making a horizontal drill for blasting high above the Rogue River in Oregon.

(Right) First land vehicle to make it to Agness, Oregon on its own coming over the ridge from the Pistol River trail.



(Photographs on this page are from Oliver Bigelow's collection.)

JACK BLANKENSHIP

Present address: 1319 West Main Street, Medford, Oregon 97501

Jack enrolled at Knoxville, Tennessee, his home town being Baltimore, Tennessee, near Newport, Tennessee. He first went to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia where he was taught life saving in water, then to Cosby, Tennessee, in the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains. Jack says this was reported to be the "Moonshine Capital of the World." He was at the Cosby camp for two years, serving as First Aid man, acquiring two stripes as assistant leader. He then went with a cadre to Fort Oglethorpe where seven new companies were being formed. Jack asked for this service as he wished to serve farther from home. He then went to Kooser camp, near Somerset, Pennsylvania, remaining at that camp about 19 months, where he gained his third stripe and became First Sergeant of this company.

Jack's entire company, along with one other company, each consisting of roughly 200 men, was transferred to Yacolt, Washington, having disembarked at Vancouver, Washington. He represented his commanding officer, being First Sergeant of this company. The officer was train commander of both companies on this cross-country movement. Jack worked through both companies.

The type of work done by the two companies at Yacolt, Washington differed so much from the Pennsylvania work. This camp worked with the forestry service, falling snags crosswise to the hillside thus preventing erosion. Roads were built into the forest, thus giving them access to the area in case of fire. While in Pennsylvania, they laid a number of rock walls, etc. for the parks there.

Nearly all of the boys brought to Washington in this group were from North and South Carolina, Tennessee and Florida. It seemed doubtful that they had ever seen a tree more than three feet in diameter so were somewhat amazed at the tall timber here in the West.

We asked Jack if he thought the C.C.C. did the boys and good. His answer was, "It did them a hell of a lot of good," and says he will go further than that—he thinks it made men out of some fellows who would have been boys all their lives had it not been for the C.C.C.

On the basis of having taken First Aid training and going as high in rank as an enrollee could go, he was accepted as Pharmacist's Mate in the United States Coast Guard, at Seattle, Washington, on August 22, 1942.

CARROLL E. BROWN

Present address: 3395 Green Acre Drive, Central Point, Oregon 97502

Carroll E. Brown was raised near Vancouver, Washington and graduated from Vancouver High School in 1926. He worked for the U.S. Forest Service during the summers of 1928, '29, and '30 at Columbia National Forest, Vancouver, Washington. During the summers of 1931 and '32, he worked at Mt. Hood National Forest, at Cascade Locks, Oregon. Carroll graduated from Oregon State College, School of Forestry, in 1933.

In late May, 1933, Brown started working as a CCC foreman on the highway at the Wyeth Camp located about 5 miles east of Cascade Locks, Oregon. This was a Chicago Company, No. 606, commanded by Captain Faye. Rudy Tohl was Camp Superintendent. Work consisted of road construction, trail maintenance, campground maintenance, and fire-fighting on the Tillamook Fire in Northwest Oregon. Camp moved to California in October. Brown then had a crew of about 20 men hired under the NIRA program. They fell snags on Larch Mountain all winter living in a tent camp near Palmer, South of Bridal Veil, Oregon.

He received a Civil Service appointment as a Junior Forester in April, 1934 on the Nicolet National Forest in Northern Wisconsin. He worked as a CCC foreman at the Jump River and Mondeaux River CCC camps, near Westboro, Wisconsin. The work that summer was ground preparation (scalping the grass cover) for tree planting, timber cruising, road construction, tree planting, and timber stand improvement work. In January, 1935 he was promoted to Camp Superintendent at the Perkinstown CCC Camp, at Perkinstown, about 20 miles east of Medford, Wisconsin. Lt. Eugene Graham was Company Commander assisted by Lt. Danielson, and Dr. Ralya as Educational Advisor. Forestry foremen were George Sawyer, Sylvan Settel, William Lambert, Larry Prehn, Herbert Brown, Jake Mauer, Bill Zenner, Charlie Zaboroski, and Herbert Bruegl.

Work projects at Perkinstown Camp were roadside cleanup, road construction and maintenance, timber stand improvement, scalping the heavy grass cover for tree planting and tree planting in the scalped areas, lookout tower manning, some fire suppression and other miscellaneous work.

In February, 1935, Brown returned to Oregon and on March 3, at Echo, Oregon, married Rita Marie Correa, whom he had met at Oregon State College. They returned to Perkinstown, living at the Foss Lake Guard Station, one mile north of Perkinstown.

Brown attended a 6-week training camp in April and May, 1936, at Eagle River, Wisconsin. At the close of the camp in May he was transferred to Glidden, Wisconsin, as Assistant Ranger on the Mineral Lake District of the Chequamegon National Forest. Leon W. Hornkohl was District Ranger. There were two CCC camps on the District. Mineral Lake Camp was about 20 miles south of Ashland, Wisconsin. Ray Scribner was Camp Superintendent, assisted by foremen, Marvin Gage, Robert Rykert, Arthur Woodward, Martin Christenson, Randall O'Brien and Vern Risberg. The Clam Lake Camp had Arthur Anderson as Camp Superintendent, assisted by foremen Roan Anderson, Dick Smith, Joe Schneider, Otto Henske, and William Bebeau.

The main activities of the two camps consisted of road construction and maintenance, timber stand improvement, tree planting, stream improvement, campground construction and other miscellaneous jobs.

The Nicolet and Chequamegon National Forests were established in Northern Wisconsin about 1928 from purchase units. Land was purchased mainly from the counties as tax delinquent lands. Most of it was cut over lands, abandoned by timber companies. Hence, the biggest jobs were road construction and tree planting. Each camp planted over 1,000 acres each year, mostly with Norway Spruce.

In January, 1938, Brown transferred back to the Northwest as a CCC foreman at the Taneum Camp near Cle Elum, Washington. He was attached to the side camp at Cle Elum. Fred Hall was Camp Superintendent. Work at the side camp consisted of campground table and toilet construction, winter game surveys of Elk herds and other minor jobs. In April, 1938, he transferred to Zig Zag, Oregon, near Government Camp, as a CCC foreman at the Zig Zag Camp. John Mills was Camp Superintendent assisted by these foremen: Merle Acker, Frank Rypzinski, Walter Brown, Homer Osborne, Larry Espinosa, and Walter Creighton. Work that spring was campground table and toilet construction, and tree planting on Tom, Dick and Harry Mountain.

Brown moved again in June, 1938, to the Mt. Adams District of the Columbia National Forest at Guler, Washington, north of White Salmon. During the summer months, the CCC camp from Carson, Washington, moved to Smoky Creek, on the district, for summer work. Alex McKay was Superintendent assisted by these foremen: Charles Nehr, Bob Lambert, Theed Worthington, Kenneth Shouse, Allan Manning, and Charles Brown. Their work consisted of road construction and maintenance, campground maintenance and trail maintenance. In September the camp moved back to Carson at lower elevation.

Brown moved again in January 1940, to Hebo, Oregon as District Ranger on the Siuslaw National Forest. The Nestucca CCC Camp was located on the Nestucca River, 12 miles east of Beaver, Oregon.

Fenton Starr was Camp Superintendent, with these foremen: John Wiesgerber, Bill Owen, Jack Johnson, and Mark Bowen. Work projects were road construction and maintenance, lookout house and tower construction, planting, campground table and fireplace construction. Side camps were located at Hebo, where they built a permanent work camp, and at Cascade Head where they built the Green Point Lookout house and tower, and extended the Green Point Road.

World War II started in December, 1941. Troops moved to the coast, one detail being stationed at the Hebo Ranger Station. In cooperation with the Army Air Force, we manned three lookouts as Aircraft Warning Service Stations. These stations were designed and built for summer use. They had to be winterized, wood supplied for heating, and food and water taken to them at regular intervals.

The CCC program was phased out in June, 1942, due to the war. The Nestucca Camp had moved to Waldport, Oregon, in the fall of 1941 and did not return to the Hebo area in 1942. During the nine years of the CCC program, Brown either worked at or helped supervise the work at ten different CCC camps in three states. Several of the enrollees went on to college and studied Forestry and other subjects and had nothing but praise for their experience in the CCC program.

Brown had subsequent assignments on the Olumpic National Forest, Olympia, Washington; Fremont National Forest, Lakeview, Oregon; Gifford Pinchot National Forest, Vancouver, Washington; Regional Office of the Forest Service, Portland, Oregon; and finally as Forest Supervisor of the Rogue River National Forest, Medford, Oregon. He retired in December, 1967 with 36 years of Government service.

One of the greatest benefits of this program was to the thousands of young folks who learned to work together, play together, and further their education through the education program carried on by the Army at all of the camps.



We were glad to get this picture as it's the only one we have found of the lowering of the flag just before evening chow, an event so familiar in all camps we were in. It shows what respect we had for the flag. Camp Mondeaux River Co. 1603-F-18, Westboro, Wisconsin. (Photo loaned by Carroll Brown.)



Facilitating personnel Camp Mondeaux, Wisconsin. (*Seated*) Supt. Jones, Comm. Anderson, Lt. Lopp. (*Standing*) Foremen Bidwell, Carroll Brown, Trojalin, Lewis, Steffick, and Davis. (Photo from Carroll Brown collection.)



Camp Mondeaux River, Westboro, Wisconsin. (Photo from Carroll Brown collection.)



Two "cats" to haul this big load of logs in Wisconsin. (From Carroll Brown collection.)

JOHN CARNEGIE

Present address: 622 West 2nd Street, Medford, Oregon 97501

John was a student enrollee, spending one summer in the C.C.C. Camp at Bly, Oregon. The main job there was taking a survey of the insect infested area, taking a tabulation of all the trees killed in a certain area since the last survey had been made.

They were on call there to supplement the regular C.C.C. boys on fires. Their regular job, however, was supervised by the Bureau of Entomology (insects) and camp building, marking off these areas.

When the insect survey crew broke up, John and one other boy stayed on for another two weeks; for one week he was involved in one of the most interesting jobs he had ever had a part in—he helped an older forest service man to make watering troughs by taking pine logs about thirty feet long, three feet in diameter, boring a hole in these, burning them out. Then splitting them and hollowing them out later. About one week was spent in stocking real small streams around Lakeview, Oregon.

John feels this was one of the most worthwhile programs. He recalls one C.C.C. boy who had enrolled from New York City and liked forestry work so well, he returned to New York and completed his education majoring in Forestry. He later worked in the Medford, Oregon area for the Bureau of Land Management, later going to Washington, D. C. where he continued in forestry work.

Another success story from a boy who was turned onto the right path through the three C's program.

This man's own experience shows he has led a successful life in Forestry work, having worked from college age until retirement, for the Bureau of Land Management. The summer with the C.C.C. at Bly, Oregon, can really be called his start in forestry.

HARRY CHIPMAN

Present address: 1808 Roxy Ann Drive, Medford, Oregon 97501

Harry Chipman's home town is Ashland, Oregon. His enrollment with the C.C.C. took place at Yreka, California, in the fall of 1935, from where he was sent to Clear Creek Camp, ten miles below Happy Camp, California. This then was very primitive country—wonder if it wouldn't be pretty rough yet if it had not been for the C.C.C. They built roads into the rough country, using creek gravel. Also a lot of brush was cleared by them. This crew was subject to call on any forest fire that came up.

Harry tells of having a boxing ring in camp. When an occasion of fisticuffs would come up, the fight was broken up and the boys had to fight it out in the ring where they could either box or wrestle, by a toss of the coin. He thinks this might have kept down a lot of fights in camp.

This man was instrumental in getting a library for this camp. (We wonder if this isn't a part of the large library reported to have been at Siead Valley in 1938.) He was also helpful in getting an Educational Program going at Clear Creek. He can recall that some of the fellows really needed such a program. We figure this served a double purpose: it took up some of their spare time, and kept boredom away.

This camp was a part of the Medford District with headquarters at Medford, Oregon. Most of the supplies and mail came up from Yreka, California. He mentioned that the mailman doubled as delivery man between Yreka and Happy Camp, California.

Harry agrees with us, the C.C.C. was a worthwhile project and says he has talked it up every chance he has had; he even spoke to Congressman Weaver about getting something like this going again as there is too much unemployment in the country now.

There was a camp up Indian Creek, from Happy Camp, but both C.C.C. camps were not allowed to come into Happy Camp at the same time. So the officers from the two camps worked out a solution wherein one camp would go into town the first and third Saturday, and the other camp, the second and fourth Saturday, thus avoiding any conflict. Happy Camp was a very small place at that time.

At the time we interviewed Harry, he was preparing for a much needed vacation. He is Clerk of Jackson County, Oregon.

Another testimonial from a former C.C.C. boy who has done alright as a man.

BERNIE CRITCHLOW

Present address: 290 Bunkingham Circle, Eagle Point, Oregon 97524

Bernie Critchlow's home town was Topeka, Kansas. He enrolled in the C.C.C. in May, 1933, so this surely puts him among the very first wave of boys to join the organization. Bernie was sent to Ft. Riley, Kansas, spending three weeks there before being sent to Park Rapids, Minnesota where they were engaged in road building. Bernie, himself, worked on the Survey Crew, he being known as "Stubby." He was the chain man carrying the rod for the survey man. They surveyed roads through the timber there near Park Rapids, and were near Fishhook Lake, Lake Itaski and more. Lake Itaski is the headwaters of the Mississippi River. Bernie says that he has stepped across the Mississippi River. Wish we had a picture of this. He says the mosquitoes were really bad there. Bernie mentioned his commanding officer coming out one morning with both eyes swollen almost shut. The boys, seeing this, figured if he could stand it, they could.

They had an old woodburning, steam powered sawmill. They felled their own trees, hauled them into the sawmill and made their own lumber which they used to build the barracks. How is this for cutting out the middle man?

According to Bernie, they had an excellent baseball team and played the surrounding camps and small towns. They were transported to and from the games in trucks.

We would like to here stress that at the time of Bernie's service in the C.C.C., it was just getting started, and they were more or less pioneers of the organization. There were many programs that had not been started.

He tells of the regulation size boxing ring where they spent a lot of time. There were some boys there who were considered pretty good, and some who became pretty good.

Bernie told how most of the city boys marveled at the wildlife in Minnesota, especially the partridge flying through the timber so fast, not hitting the trees. The boys fished a great deal in this country; after all, they were in the land of 10,000 lakes!

This land had not been surveyed in 60 years and some of the section corner markers were in the most unusual places, some were marks on trees, some chiseled on rocks, some covered with water. However, they managed to find them all anyway.

Bernie wishes to point out that he, as well as most of the other boys, was taught work they had never before heard of. Discipline also was taught, also how to get along with a group.

The people in Park Rapids and Bemidji treated the boys from camp just great. Bernie met some very nice folks while there.

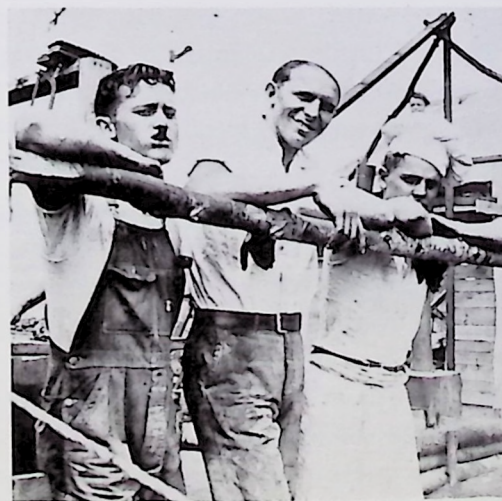
We asked him if he had ever revisited this area. Bernie said that he had not, that he is sorry that he had not, but that he would like to do this at some time in the future.

We nearly failed to ask Bernie if they, like most camps, were subject to fire call. He tells of one big fire he was on where the peat moss was so thick on the ground they had to dig trenches down to bare ground, this to keep the fire from spreading in this particular area. The peat moss burned until the winter rains and the snow put it out.

Bernie likes to tell of someone in the area, who had a truck and took a truckload of boys on a trip up through the Red River Valley of Minnesota, all the way up to Winnipeg, Canada. This was real exciting for a big city boy. Bernie showed us a card he had sent home to Topeka, Kansas, with a Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada postmark, on which there was a Canadian *two-cent* stamp. (Do you remember when we had one-cent postal cards?)



Camp at Park Rapids, Minnesota



Bernie Critchlow (left) with wiener in his mouth and camp pals.



CCC Camp Whiteside, Fort Riley, Kansas, 1933. (From Bernie Critchlow collection.)

ARTHUR DAVIS

Present address: 618 West Jackson Street, Medford, Oregon 97501

Arthur Davis enrolled in the C.C.C. from his home town of Grangeville, Idaho, and was sent to a camp at Kooskia, Idaho. Their most important job was forest fire fighting. They also cleared brush, built roads and bridges, etc. Art, himself, got quite a workout on the jack hammer, drilling holes for rock blasting to use in road building.

This camp was already built when they arrived so they were able to go right to work with the forestry chores.

One big fire Art was on was the Pete King fire in northeastern Idaho. This big fire went over the line into Montana. The fire burned for over a month. The job was very rough as the terrain was straight up and down. The fire would appear to be out and then it would break out some place else. This was really heart-breaking and really back-breaking. Art says that he had his "belly full of fire fighting" that summer.

Camp was 20 miles or so from Kooskia, Idaho, and they could go into town, in turns, half of the boys one Saturday and the other half the next Saturday.

Art tells us they built a pretty good sized bridge over the river while they were there. He plans a trip up that way this summer (1976) and will go right through this area, probably passing over this bridge. He believes the 40 years have passed fast when he thinks of it. Fishing was very good in that part of the country, especially if one hiked in about 15 miles, where everyone hadn't been.

As with everyone we have talked to, this man says they were fed real good. This type work gave them a good appetite.

Though he didn't work with a pack string of mules while in C.C.C., he did see plenty of them on the Salmon and Snake Rivers.

There are no pictures in this case, and like so many of us, Art regrets not having taken any. His account sounds as if this might have been pretty rough country and very scenic. Wouldn't some pictures of that Pete King fire be something to see?

HUNTER DIXON

Present address: 109 Windsor Way, Central Point, Oregon 97501

Hunter enrolled in the C.C.C. at Andersonville State Park, Andersonville, Georgia, and was sent to Company No. 468, at Oxford, Alabama. They worked in the Cheaha State Park. They were then transferred across the mountain to a camp at Munford, Alabama. In late summer of 1937, they found out they were to be transferred to Oregon but, in the meantime, they built a dam, backing water up to form Lake Cheaha, also roads and trails into the forest. Some of these pictures show some of the fine rock work done there. A lookout tower and a bathhouse at the lake were a couple of their projects. Hunter says they are still standing today. Native rock cabins were built by the C.C.C. boys in the park. The boys were also used in fire suppression work.

When they started to form a full company to come to Oregon, there were several fellows who didn't want to leave Alabama, so they were replaced by men from other camps. This brought up their strength to 250 men, making the six-day trip by train, stopping along the way so that the boys could get off and get some exercise. They arrived in Medford in October, 1937. Upon disembarking at Medford, they were hauled by trucks and buses to Camp Prescott, about four miles up the side of Roxy Ann Mountain. They started building the park at the top of Roxy Ann, clearing brush, poison oak, etc. He remembers that it rained an awful lot that fall and winter.

Men were also sent to Casey State Park on the Rogue River, 26 miles from Medford. These men stayed in a side camp. Casey State Park is one of Rogue River's most beautiful parks and is on Highway 62, going to Crater Lake.

Hunter became First Sergeant while stationed in Alabama and in charge of a large contingent of men, on the trip to Oregon, quite a responsibility for a young fellow 22 years old, but this was what the C.C.C. was all about, making men out of boys.

He was Captain of the basketball team at Camp Prescott. They were district champions that year. Again, this was the object of the C.C.C., giving them some goals, something to do. (Hunter was watching a basketball game on T.V. on the day we visited him, an interest that has stayed with him through the years.)

The Education Program at Camp Prescott taught some of the boys to read and write, who had been very inefficient in those skills. We can imagine the thrill some boy must have gotten on being able to write home for the first time. There was also a full program of Math, Typing, etc. while at Camp Prescott. This could not be carried on, however, when the boys were at a side camp.

In June, 1938, the whole camp moved to Crater Lake National Park, to Camp Wineglass, where extensive work was done building camp areas, picnic areas, road construction, etc. Hunter was offered a civilian job at District Headquarters in Medford so he left the Corps to accept. He thinks the C.C.C. accomplished a tremendous lot of good, not only for the country but, as so many have mentioned, there is no yardstick to measure the amount of good it has done them personally, also the millions of boys who were enrolled in C.C.C. at the more than 4,500 camps scattered across the United States.

There are still a number of fellows living in this area who came here with the C.C.C.

The work on Roxy Ann Mountain was to develop Prescott Memorial Park, now a part of the Medford City Park System. This work was under the supervision of Project Superintendent R. M. Kent.



Tower built by CCC Lake Cheaha, Alabama



CCC boys and grader in Alabama

(Photos from Hunter Dixon collection.)



Camp Prescott near Medford, Oregon



Casey State Park on the Rogue River, Oregon
(Photo from Hunter Dixon collection.)

JERROLD B. FARNSWORTH
(Deceased)

We are sorry that we did not get to interview the late Mr. Farnsworth as we are certain that he would have had some good stories to tell us of life in his camp, the Soil Erosion Service's No. 1 project in the Department of the Interior. This camp was located at Coon Valley, Wisconsin. The work done there in soil erosion control, with the cooperation of the local farmers, was the first of its kind tried in the United States.

The men forming this camp lived in tents until the barracks were completed, sometime in 1934. The camp was just outside the town of Coon Valley, Wisconsin. The camp was in operation until sometime in 1937, and was used as an example of the kind of work done by the C.C.C. People were invited from all parts of the country to view the work being carried out here.

We are also sorry that we could not obtain any pictures of this particular camp, or of any of the work done there.

Our thanks and condolences go out to Mr. Farnsworth's daughter, Mrs. James E. Cox, Jr. of 1621 Johnson Street, Medford, Oregon, who, along with her husband were so very helpful in furnishing us this information. In fact, these people were the first to call when our appeal for help for this book went out.

ALPHUES FINLEY

(Deceased)

We are sorry to have been unable to interview the late Mr. Finley for this article. However, Mrs. Finley, his widow, who resides at 28 Laurel, Medford, Oregon, was really helpful in telling us about the C.C.C. at Wimer, Oregon.

This camp was located eleven miles from the town of Rogue River, Oregon, and was a State Forest Camp.

The work at Camp Wimer was truck trail construction and maintenance, lookout tower construction and maintenance, fire hazard work and telephone line construction.

The men from Camp Wimer were very active in fire fighting during the summer as there were many fires in the Oregon forests at this time. They were a year too late for the big Tillamook fire in northwestern Oregon. This fire burned over 100,000 acres. We have been told by several forest service men that if that fire had occurred three years later, they could have suppressed it before it covered one-tenth the area it did burn as the C.C.C. would have had access roads into this area and trails everywhere.

We find no indication of this camp being sent to the Bandon fire, on which there is a separate article.

Although the men from Wimer put in nearly 8,000 man-days fighting fire that season, there is no mention of any casualties to the Camp Wimer boys while fighting fire.

We have visited the Camp Wimer area several times in the past, and hope to again, and have seen some of the work done by C.C.C. boys.

Al was a bakery instructor at a large bakery school there in 1934. In the accompanying picture Al is on the extreme left showing the bakers at Camp Wimer.



Al Finley (*extreme left*) instructing at Baker School at Camp Wimer, Oregon. (Photo courtesy Mrs. Finley.)

FLOYD FLOOD

Present address: 447 Scenic Drive, Ashland, Oregon 97520

Floyd furnished these pictures of South Central Idaho, taken during the years 1934-36. Most of the pictures were taken by Floyd himself.

He enrolled at Camp Gallagher, Company No. 1997, staying here six months, then being honorably discharged. Then, in the spring of 1935, he signed up again, this time at French Creek, Company No. 1348, on the Salmon River, 20 miles upstream from Riggins, Idaho. He was here only a month or two, then went to McCall, Idaho, spending the summer of 1935. He was then transferred to the District Headquarters, where he spent one and one-half years. Floyd took another honorable discharge, this time after taking a civil service examination to go to work for the Forest Service.

During the six months at Camp Gallagher, they worked on mountain roads. One incident that came to memory was the shelf road above the South Fork of the Payette River. This had been only a passable road before the C.C.C. started working on it, but they widened it, took out some of the sharp curves, and made it a real good road between Garden Valley and Lowman, Idaho.

They also had one spike camp (side camp). One of the jobs they did was building lookout towers for spotting fires. We might add here that the C.C.C. boys were on call for any forest fire in the area. Floyd was on several fires, one was called the "Boiling Springs" fire, covering 40,000 acres. The worst fire he recalls was the "Big Creek" fire, the next year, out of McCall, Idaho. Their camp was fighting this fire for two weeks. It was burning in lodgepole pine. Forty percent of this timber was dead from insects so it burned very fast; this combined with a 30-mile-per-hour wind. This fire travelled very fast. Seventeen boys were almost trapped in this fire. All that saved them was that there was a damp, marshy area, where there were big rocks and no trees, where they just waited out the fire for four hours. Then picking their way through the embers, they made it back to camp. It was a good thing that this camp was in a cleared area or the camp would have been lost by fire.

Floyd recalls one incident we would like to relate here—to get away from an all-work and no-play syndrome, there was a bunch of logs washed up near shore and near the camp. The boys were out running from one log to the other. So, surmising what was going to happen, he went inside the barracks and started a big, roaring fire. Sure enough, the boys came in soaked to the skin with this ice cold mountain water.

Floyd transferred to District Headquarters at Boise, Idaho, where he did mostly office work. This was the motor pool where the trucks were repaired, etc., for the whole Boise District; this was also supply headquarters.

We asked Floyd if he thought this was quite an experience for a young man, and he said that it surely beat walking, looking for work, and kept them off the streets.

One hairy incident Floyd related when a pair of dual wheels fell off one of the trucks as they were on a mountain road. They thought that truck, men and all were going to be lost down the canyon, the road being icy in patches. This was in sub-zero weather. The men were nearly frozen by the time they got the truck fixed.

At the beginning, some of the clothing issued at the camps, was all one size, it seemed. Floyd recalls once standing inspection in a pair of pants that he buckled up under his armpits. The captain went along with the joke, marching him up the aisle for everyone to see, the model enrollee in his neat uniform. Wish we had a picture of this!

District Headquarters put out a weekly magazine called the "Armfor" News, a combination of the words "Army" and "Forestry."



Packing to a fire in North Idaho, 1936.



(Left) Floyd Flood at Camp McCall, Idaho. 1935.

(Right) Camp at McCall, Idaho on Payette Lake.
1935.



(Photos from Floyd Flood's collection.)

ANTHONY H. GALLI

Present address: Royal Mobile Estates, Jacksonville, Oregon 97530

The pictures below and on page 39 were furnished by Tony Galli. He is in some of these pictures taken at Camp Siead, in Siead Valley, on the Klamath River in Siskiyou County, northern California. The main work of this camp was road building, fire suppression and trail building. Most of these boys were from the city of Oakland, California, and this was their first experience in the wooded areas.

Tony was also in Camp Parker Meadows, near Porterville, California, a summer camp, and with a winter camp near Kernville, California. Altogether, Tony spent 12 months in the C.C.C. He has nothing but good words to say about the C.C.C. In fact, Tony married his C.C.C. buddy's sister. It was interesting to hear them talk of the things they both remember of those days.

There was a once-a-week truck trip to Happy Camp, California, Tony recalls, where they enjoyed movies, ice cream cones, etc. He wonders if it wouldn't be possible to have an organization such as the C.C.C. for the boys today.

Tony's brother was also in C.C.C., near Burney Falls, California, approximately fifty miles east of Redding, where they built campsites, cleared land, etc. The Siead Camp boys built over 80 miles of roads in this mountainous area. They removed over 6,000 yards of dirt and rock per mile in this area. Several campgrounds were also built. One lookout station was atop such a steep grade the material had to be hauled in by pack mules, these animals being known for their sure-footedness in such rough terrain.

Camp Siead had an excellent athletic program; their basketball team carried the championship one winter, with their baseball team doing almost as well. The boxing team traveled to Medford, Oregon where they made good showings.

Anyone whose vacation takes them over Interstate 5 is missing a most scenic drive if they don't leave I-5 at Yreka, California, and take Highway 99 to the Klamath River, or, if southbound, leave I-5 at the Klamath River, either direction, drive downstream 50 miles or so through Siead Valley to the town of Happy Camp. You will see lots of the work done by the C.C.C. boys forty years ago. This is an interesting side trip even if you aren't looking for work that was accomplished by the three C's.

As one looks at the Klamath River, you can't help but wonder how all that water that draws from the Klamath Basin North, South and East of Klamath Falls, Oregon, gets through some of those narrow canyons during high water. Several dams upstream help harness this wild river.



Camp Siead, California on banks of Klamath River.



Quite an experience for a city boy, eh?



(Left) Klamath River and Siead Valley near Camp Siead, California.
(Photo from Tony Galli's collection.)

PAUL J. GIBSON
(“Polka Dot”)

Present address: P. O. Box 341, Phoenix, Oregon 97535

Paul was living at Hope, Arkansas, and enrolled in the C.C.C. from Little Rock, Arkansas. This was a staging area. They were there only about three weeks and then sent to Burns, Oregon, arriving there in January, 1938. The snow there was very deep, and they arrived in the very early morning hours. The C.C.C. trucks arrived about nine A.M., but they did not get breakfast until their arrival at Camp Sod House, Company No. 795, about 35 miles south of Burns.

Volunteers to work in the kitchen were asked for. This appealed to Paul since he would have every other day off, and this job would be inside, out of the cold and snow. They were going to make him second cook, but it was beginning to be spring then and the outside work seemed like a better deal. After a couple of months working with pick and shovel, ax work, etc., the opportunity came to be a caterpillar operator, pulling a grader. (We mentioned in the Introduction that we had seen a lot of 18- to 20-year-olds operating equipment.) Paul wanted to tell us about taking off his shirt on the job, at intervals, in order to get a tan, but only some large, brown freckles appeared instead. Hence, the nickname, “Polka Dot,” a name that stayed with him from then on.

Paul operated “cat,” building roads between the camp and “The Narrow,” a section of this road is now a part of the main road between Burns and French Glenn.

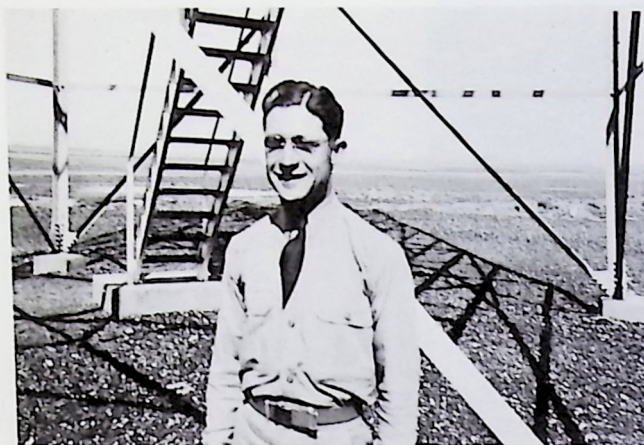
When the funds ran out for this project, they had to postpone this job until the beginning of the next quarter. The operators were then put to work cleaning up Malheur Lake, a part of the Malheur Wildlife Refuge, which is composed of 180,850 acres, the original part set aside as a National Wildlife Refuge by a special executive order of then President Theodore Roosevelt in 1908.

Later, Paul was offered the chance to go to work in the camp automotive repair shop. This began his mechanic career, a good description of his life since he has been a mechanic ever since, including about three and one-half years as an airplane engine mechanic in World War II.

After the war, he returned to Auto Mechanic work. Presently Paul is a mechanic with General Services Administration (G.S.A.) Interagency Motor Pool System, his trade learned in the three C's. (How often have we written those words?!)

Paul furnished us a Christmas Day menu and Camp History. A good example of how well-fed these boys were privileged to be.

We hope to get to this area sometime in the near future and maybe add some present-day photos to this collection furnished by Paul.



This picture of Paul Gibson was taken at a Lookout Tower on the Malheur National Wildlife Refuge in Eastern Oregon.

(Photos on this page from Paul Gibson's collection.)

(Below) Motor Pool, Co. 795 CCC, Burns, Oregon.



(Below) Trucks parked near Shop at Sod House CCC Camp, Malheur Refuge.



HUGH GLENN

Present address: 4606 Table Rock Road, Central Point, Oregon 97502

Hugh enrolled in the C.C.C. from Phillipsburg, Kansas. He was living at Logan, Kansas at the time. He was sent to Lebanon, Kansas. In the fall of 1933, while the C.C.C. was in its infancy, these were just shells of buildings when he arrived. In fact, Hugh wired the barracks for electricity after he arrived at that camp. The mess hall was not finished when they got there, so they obtained their food at a temporary kitchen and ate elsewhere.

Hugh went in as a Local Experienced Man (L.E.M.). Hugh and the boys working with him had installed lights in all of the buildings in about two weeks time. They used candles in the barracks with lamps in the kitchen, headquarters, infirmary, etc. Anyone showing up with a gasoline lantern was pretty popular.

Hugh later ran the powerhouse, pumphouse, and fired the boiler to keep hot water. On this job he also had to wake the cooks and get things going around camp in the mornings.

This was a soil erosion project under the Soil Conservation Service (SCS), another branch of the Department of Agriculture. This was another section of the country being wasted by erosion. They built small dams, contoured the hillsides to keep the rainwater from cutting large gullies into the countryside. He says that they hired horses from the local farmers, the farmer driving his own team with the C.C.C. boy handling the Fresno, scrapers, etc.

Hugh thinks that his commanding officer, Lt. Caldwell, was one of the finest men he ever met; he thought likewise of Dr. McLean. The commanding officer was firm in his orders, but saw that they were carried out without losing the respect and friendship of the men.

Some of the work was 10 miles or so from camp and the trucks took hot meals to the men on the job, so they didn't have to carry cold sandwiches, this regardless of how far the men were from camp.

A neighbor and friend of Hugh's, Doug Stanton, was in camp with him and they would split the expenses for a trip home at least once a month, being but 80 miles or so from home.

We asked Hugh if he thought it was a worthwhile program. He says that the work done on the farms would have taken ten to fifteen years to accomplish had it been done by the farmer himself. As has been said before in this book, the primary objective was to make men out of boys, teaching them a useful trade and showing them that they could become useful citizens, self-supporting. They also had their three square meals a day, a good, clean bed to sleep in and at least enough money for tobacco and shaving supplies, etc.

We say that the L.E.M. deserves much credit for helping shape these boys.

Some of the L.E.M. and boys from Lebanon, Kansas. Hugh Glenn, who furnished these pictures, is *fifth from left*. He and Doug Stanton (*center front*) were both L.E.M. from Logan, Kansas.





(Left) Water tower at Lebanon, Kansas CCC Camp. Also powerhouse and pumphouse. Hugh Glenn *(on the left)* helped build this and later operated the powerplant.



Teams of horses were rented from farmers on projects near Camp Lebanon, Kansas. The farmer drove his team and CCC boys handled the equipment.



(Left) Everyone stops for a photo. Notice the steel wheels on wheelbarrows.

(Right) CCC Camp near Lebanon, Kansas.



(Photos from Hugh Glenn's collection.)

ROBERT HALE

Present address: 808 Broad Street, Medford, Oregon 97501

Bob enrolled at Shady Springs, West Virginia, was processed at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, and after 11 days was returned to Shady Springs. Two months later, he was transferred to Charleston, West Virginia Headquarters company where he drove staff car for Sector Commander, who had nine camps under his command. Bob states that he drove 78,000 miles for his Commander in eight months. We think this was great for an 18-year-old boy. This was what the C.C.C. was all about—teaching the boys to accept responsibility and to do a good job at whatever they were assigned to do.

This Commander was Captain Roy Slough, from Indianapolis, Indiana. They visited these nine camps, three in Kentucky and six in West Virginia, for the purpose of inspection, checking on the food, how it was prepared, the wholesomeness, and general sanitary conditions of the camps, and inspection of the barracks as well.

Bob says that Captain Slough went all out for the boys in these camps. If they had a legitimate gripe, he was very strict in seeing that orders were carried out yet, very fair in his orders.

These camps covered a multitude of jobs—some were doing road construction, some building parks, there was fire fighting and stringing telephone lines. Bob states that there were telephone lines installed that never would have been done without the aid of the C.C.C. Program.

One camp among the nine was made up of World War I veterans, doing the same kind of work as was carried out by the other camps. Another camp at Berwind, West Virginia, was an all-black camp where there were some of the best baseball players Bob ever saw. His own camp played them one weekend, and they quit after the fifth inning because the Berwind boys were ahead of them 23 to 0! The boys there excelled in music, too, never letting the piano “cool off.”

Bob was surprised when he pulled into one of the camps to see his kid brother, who was 16 or 17 years old, operating a caterpillar tractor and bulldozer, making a baseball field. This brother, Jay Hale, stayed with this kind of work even after coming to Oregon to live.

Bob was honorably discharged in 1939 at Camp Davis, just outside Charleston, West Virginia, the Headquarters for the Fifth Corps Area.

Re-enrolling again in December, 1939 in Welch, West Virginia, he was sent to Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana for processing, then they were put on a troop train for a six-day trip West via The Dalles, Oregon. This was quite a memorable trip for these boys from West Virginia, coming out into the “Wild West.” They arrived in Redmond, Oregon, to find two feet of snow on the ground. Bob thought this was the “end of the world.” This was in January, 1940. There were over 600 boys in this three-company camp. Bob claims that if there was any boy here who didn’t know what work was, he found out on this project—they were riprapping an irrigation canal near Redmond, a very small town at that time. They wore out two pairs of leather gloves a day on the lava rocks used in riprapping this canal at Redmond, where they stayed in the winter. As soon as the snow melted they went to Camp Wickiup, approximately 50 miles southwest of Bend, Oregon, turning west off Highway 97, just south of the lava beds, going 18 miles to Camp Wickiup, all 600 men. This was a big move.

Barracks were already built and the boys were able to start in almost immediately clearing land for the dam to be built there at Wickiup. Men from this camp also were on call to fight forest fires, going anywhere there was a fire. There was one big fire at Wickiup.

Bob wanted to get this in:

This camp was one of the best equipped he had ever been in. There were caterpillar tractors, road graders, drag line, 28 teams of horses, and he learned to file saws here. He states a civilian contractor finished the Wickiup Reservoir but doubts it would have been built if not for the C.C.C.

Bob Hale took his honorable discharge from Camp Wickiup, going home this time in style in a Pullman train. The Government gave him a ticket and \$8 spending money to get home to Welch,

West Virginia. He was in charge of a detail of men getting wood into camp. All heating and cooking was done with wood.

Can you imagine cooking and baking for *600 men* on wood stoves?

Bob expressed his regret at not having any pictures for this book but said he had had several boxes of pictures from the different camps (nine of them), but that they were destroyed by flood sometime ago, a loss to all of us. We are sure that he would have been glad to share them with us.

We wonder if the economical impact of such a large camp was not a great help to the merchants of such a small town and if this monthly outlay for supplies was not missed somewhat after the closure of such a camp.

NICK HALLER

Present address: 210 Elm Street, Phoenix, Oregon 97535 (P.O. Box 476)

Nick furnished the pictures on these pages. We were lucky to contact him as he had several pictures from five different camps, which is what this book is all about. We said in the Introduction if we could get pictures from eight states we would be delighted and here we have one man with pictures from four states.

Nick enrolled at Atwood, Kansas in April, 1935, spending six months at this camp. Then his company was transferred to a camp at the old fairgrounds in Fairbury, Nebraska, spending better than one year there. They were then transferred to Neodesha, Kansas and spent four months at that location. After that, there was a transfer to Pocahontas, Arkansas. Nick was given an honorable discharge here in April, 1937. However, he missed the C.C.C. life, and rejoined in January, 1938, remaining until July at Oberlin, Kansas, once again taking an honorable discharge.

Nick's company, No. 731, built a dam at Atwood, Kansas. This dam formed Lake Atwood, on the map today. They also built several small dams on farms in the area for soil conservation. They planted thousands of trees. Several miles of road around this lake were built, laying up rock culverts. He mentioned that they hauled sand from a sandpit about four miles south of Atwood with which to make a sandy beach at this lake for swimming, etc. Buildings at this camp were constructed of adobe, made by the boys by mixing mud and straw in a cement mixer, pouring this in forms, allowing it to dry in the Kansas sun.

Nick's entire company moved to Fairbury, Nebraska in October, 1935; this was also a soil conservation service camp. He worked at camp maintenance here, painting buildings, etc. Main work here was the building of small dams on farms, planting trees, contouring hillsides, flood control and stopping erosion on the creeks and streams in the vicinity. Nick stayed here until the last of October, 1936.

Company No. 731 broke up here at Fairbury, sending men to four different camps. Nick was sent to Neodesha, Kansas, also a soil conservation camp. Work here was quite similar to the work done at Fairbury, Nebraska, with the exception that here they planted hardwood trees. Nick's crew worked building small dams on farms. Teams of horses were rented from nearby farmers to pull the scrapers and fresnos. If a dam were built on a farm having a tractor, these tractors were used by the C.C.C. boys. Of course, there was always quite a scramble over who got to be the tractor driver. Some of the boys became quite good at tractor driving.

From Neodesha, a contingent of men was sent to Pocahontas, Arkansas. This was a combination soil conservation and forest service camp where the main work was clearing brush and reclaiming a lot of this land that had been let go and neglected for a long period of time. It was in terrible shape—a

good example of what happens to land when there is no environment control. We think there was probably considerable land saved by projects such as this where Nick worked. In the rock quarry they used an old hand rock drill to get out the rock to use for rip rap in the gullies for erosion control. Some of the holes went down 12 feet deep, hand drilled, then charged with dynamite. No wagon drills were used on this project.

Nick took his discharge at this camp, returning to Atwood, Kansas. The thought struck us that he had probably seen more country in these two years than most of his buddies. He says he had gained 48 pounds in these two years, and had gained a world of experience. He was nevertheless glad to get back home. He had only been home once in this length of time. He had five days off for Christmas in 1936.

Nick enrolled again in January, 1938, at Oberlin, Kansas. They built the state park there. A rarity here was that they had their own nursery and grew their own seedlings of trees of many varieties. The backwater from this dam made a pond for swimming and boating in the summer and ice skating in the winter. Nick worked his way up to head carpenter here, which proves a statement made in the Introduction, that these boys became men in the C.C.C.

Nick took a course in typing, also carpentry, conservation and he also studied music, learning to play the piano. We wish there was space to cover further the educational aspects of these numerous camps. This was a large portion of the C.C.C. Program.



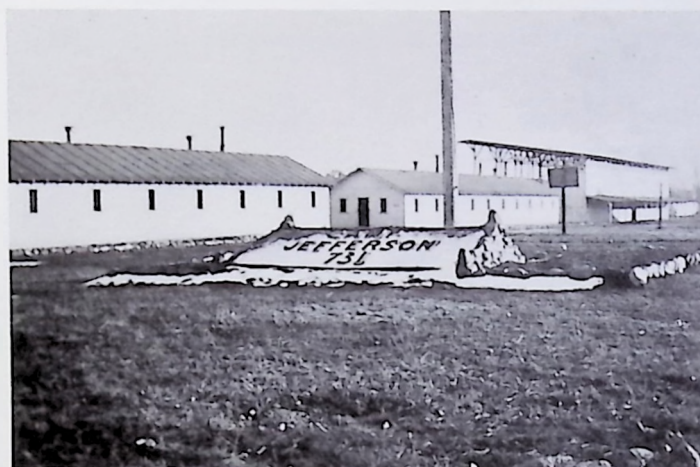
CCC Camp 1711, Pocahontas, Arkansas 1937.



(Above) Lookout Tower set up by Co. 1711, Pocahontas, Ark. 1937.



(above) Recreation Hall built of hand hewed rocks by CCC boys at Oberlin, Kansas. 1938.



(Right) Camp Jefferson, Fairbury, Nebraska 1936.



(Left) CCC boys made the adobe blocks and built these buildings. Co. 731, Atwood, Kansas.

(Photos on these pages from Nick Haller's collection.)



CCC Camp No. 784, Neodesha, Kansas 1937.

LYLE "SLIM" HARD

Present address: 9161 Upper Applegate Road, Jacksonville, Oregon 97530

Slim was already in the Forest Service when the C.C.C. began. He was foreman in charge of teaching boys how to operate caterpillar tractors, road graders, air compressor for the jack hammers, and how to set charges of dynamite, he being the only licensed powder man in the camp and therefore responsible for any handling of powder or any explosives. (Can you imagine a boy from the city or the farm who had never seen any blasting done? How excited he would be when he helped set off his first charge.)

Slim was stationed at Camp Applegate, the main camp, but worked out of several spike camps. These were at Talent, Rush Creek, Silver Fork Gap and Union Creek, all in Oregon.

The main camp was divided into several segments of work detail, these being road building, trail building, log bridges (single span type), telephone line laying and maintenance, and fire fighting (as observed before all C.C.C. boys were subject to forest fire call at all times), manning forest fire lookout towers, and building campsites. One of the most noted, and most used of these campgrounds was the McKee Bridge Campgrounds, located about 25 miles from Medford. This camp is used very heavily in the summer months. People from Medford and beyond come here by the carload to picnic, swim, etc. This writer has been here several times and always marvels at the work done almost 40 years ago. We are going to include some pictures we took recently of this campground to show how well it was constructed.

Slim tells us of a very scenic drive that one should take if ever in this country—to go up over the Beaver Creek Road. It goes from the Upper Applegate Road up over the Dutchman Peak, Wrangle Gap Campground, around Red Mountain through Siskiyou Gap, over to Sheep Camp. You go up to or around Ashland Mountain. (This is now a ski resort with Television Channel 10, KMED-TV broadcast tower.) At the fork in the road, you can go into Ashland, Oregon, or to the Pacific Highway (I-5) near the Siskiyou Summit. Nearly all of this road was built by the C.C.C. and is about 40 miles long.

We have lived in the Medford area for 35 years and missed this scenic drive, but certainly intend to make it this August which Slim tells us is the best time of year to see this beautiful part of the country. The wild flowers and humming birds by the thousands will be seen on this drive. Bring your camera! And it used to be that you couldn't make this drive without seeing several deer and grouse, the grouse so thick Slim says he had to stop lots of times to let an old grouse hen and her little ones cross in front of him when he was operating "cat" on this road.

Slim and Mrs. Hard have lived in the Applegate Valley for 44 years. They are real historians of this part of the country (some of the most beautiful and rugged country to be found anywhere). The Hards say they would love to hear from any of the boys who were stationed at Camp Applegate. One of the reasons for this book is to get friends together and show the great amount of work done by boys in their teens who learned to work hard in the great out-of-doors.

We love these visits we have been having with friends we hadn't met personally before.



(Photos on this page from
Lyle Hard's collection.)

(Above) Truck all chained up ready to haul the men to work on the
summit of the Siskiyou Mountains in Southern Oregon.

(Right) The CCC boys built the road around behind this landmark
north of Union Creek, Oregon.



(Left) A bunch of the boys who worked on
road to Dutchman Peak where they also built
the Forest Service Lookout.

In 1976 Glenn Howell revisited the C.C.C. camp area and the McKee Bridge Campgrounds on the Applegate River in Southern Oregon. On this visit the author took the photographs on the next few pages showing the work done by the 3-C's forty years ago.

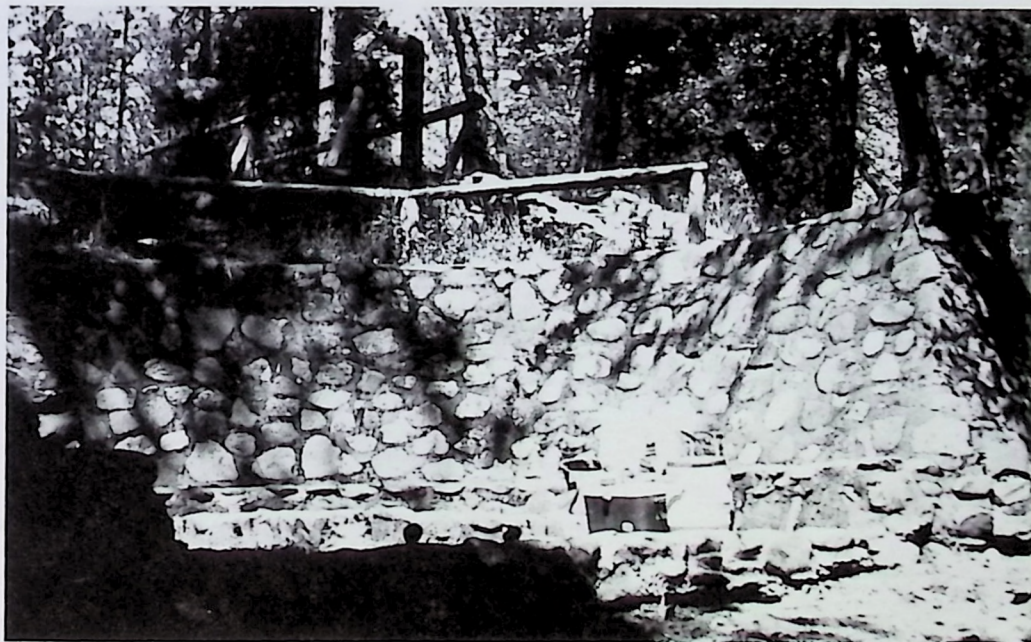
The first five pictures show the picnic grounds built by 3-C's at McKee Bridge on the Applegate River in Southern Oregon.



Notice the adjustable rod to hang pots over fire.



Hutton Campground, Elliot Creek to the right. Near California-Oregon State Line. 1976.



Breeze shelter built by C.C.C. on the bank of the Applegate River at McKee Bridge Park. 1976.



Picnic shelter built by C.C.C. at McKee Bridge Campgrounds on the banks of the Applegate River in Southern Oregon. 1976.



Picnic area at McKee Bridge Campgrounds, Southern Oregon. 1976.



This chimney is all that is left of the fireplace that was in the recreation hall at the old Camp Applegate in Southern Oregon, 1976.



The Applegate River in Southern Oregon near the site of the CCC Camp Applegate. Snow covered peak in background is barely visible. 1976.

JAY HORTON

Present address: 9938 Modoc Road, Central Point, Oregon 97501

Jay enrolled in the C.C.C. from his home town of Wayne, Oklahoma and from there he was sent to Wynnewood, Oklahoma, 85 miles south of Oklahoma City. He was kept there only about 14 days and then sent on to Steamboat Springs, Colorado, where they consolidated with another train of men, going to Holbrook, Arizona. There they engaged in road building and soil conservation work. Jay says that the antelope were dying by the hundreds until small dams were built in order to conserve water for them and other animals.

One job the boys accomplished was the putting in of a pipeline from the Painted Desert to Adamana to the Santa Fe Railroad in order for the trains to fill with water there. Adamana was quite some distance from any other source of water.

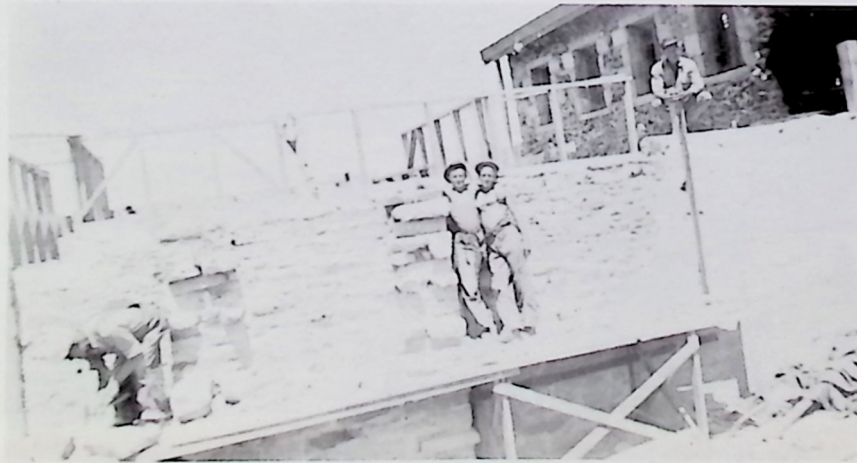
We are sure that the three C's did a fine job—no small task laying *seven miles* of pipe in 100 to 115 degree temperature, this being in July, handling this metal pipe! With temperatures that high, the working conditions could not have been the best. This camp was 20 miles from Holbrook, Arizona.

Jay saw a lot of the Grand Canyon, the Painted Desert, Petrified Forest, and the White Mountains where there was a large Apache Indian Reservation. He drove truck most of the time and also learned to handle men. This was the first time he had been in charge of a work detail. The operation of a "cat" was another work experience Jay had, and this has been his type of work since those days of the early '30's.

We must also mention here about the baseball and basketball teams organized by this camp's boys. Jay drove truck to and from the games to play other towns and camps, as well as playing himself.

According to Jay, the Apache and the Navaho Indians were very good ball players. They played at such towns as Chambers, Navaho, Taylor, Sholow, McNarry, Pine Top, and gave Holbrook a good run for their money.

(Photographs from Jay Horton's collection.)



Building the Painted Desert Inn, Arizona.



Camp 805, Holbrook, Arizona.



CCC Camp at McNary, Arizona.



Petrified log in Petrified Forest, Arizona.



Erosion in the Painted Desert, Arizona.



Wild burro on the Painted Desert.

ALBERT F. JOHNSON

Present address: 345 Old Trail Creek Road, Trail, Oregon 97541

When he joined the C.C.C. home town for Albert Johnson was Belfast, New York. He was sent to Ft. Dix, New Jersey, from where they were assigned to their outfit. From Ft. Dix they went to New Tazewell, Tennessee, upriver from the Norris Dam. This dam is a part of the gigantic Tennessee Valley Authority (T.V.A.). Their work was with soil erosion, keeping the soil and silt from washing down and filling up behind the dam with mud instead of water. They also planted trees in this area. Most of the dams were small, being built out of rock laid up by hand by the 3-C boys. Again, here was a bunch of boys learning a trade that very possibly some of them worked at for life.

At the time of their arrival at Ft. Dix, it was raining and they were put in tents. Al tells of building a fire and of more boys crowded around than could get into the tent.

Al was among the bunch that was sent to Tazewell to replenish the dwindling manpower. He remained in Tazewell almost two years when the whole camp was shipped to Medford, Oregon via Alabama, Texas, Arizona, with the train at times dipping across the border into Mexico. At Los Angeles, they headed north to Medford. He states this was in August, that it was really hot riding those old trains down near the border! (What? no air-conditioning?—in 1935!)

Landing in Medford on August 16, 1935, they were detrained right into the trucks and hauled to Camp Applegate, nearly 35 miles from Medford through historical old Jacksonville. This camp was past Carberry Creek.

They were so glad to get to a permanent camp, have a chance to get cleaned up and to be able to walk on solid ground, Al said.

The work here was road building and camp construction, the same kind of jobs we told of in our visits with Benny Peek, Lyle Hard and Wayne Ash; in fact, Al knew the last two men very well. He worked with Wayne Ash after leaving the 3 C's and was a logging partner in 1950 and 1960.

We visited the camp at Carberry in 1941 as I wanted some friends to see what a C.C.C. camp looked like. We are not going to tell you that we met Al Johnson there because he had taken his discharge in January, 1936, working with Wayne Ash and "Slim" Hard until March, then taking a civilian job working on the construction of 99 Highway over the Siskiyou into California. He obtained this job by having had the experience he gained in the C.C.C.

Al has stayed in the Rogue River Valley ever since being brought here by the C.C.C. in 1935, with the exception of the nearly four years spent in the Military Service during World War II.

SAM JONES

Present address: 1833 - 2nd Avenue, Gold Hill, Oregon 97525

At the time of his enrollment in the C.C.C. Sam Jones was living on Galls Creek, about five miles from Gold Hill, Oregon. After signing in to the three C's from Medford, Oregon, Sam was sent to a camp on the South Umpqua River near Tiller, Oregon. This was an all-Oregon group of boys. He became proficient in truck driving while in the organization—in fact, Sam didn't even know how to drive a car at time he was taught to drive a truck! As aforesaid in the Introduction, this is another case of a teenage fellow being taught the proper handling and driving of various equipment.

Sam recalls a fellow worker from the Myrtle Creek, Oregon area who was a "cat" skinner. They would trade off jobs so that each fellow could get the feel of the other equipment. Sam recalls the

time a fellow had an appendicitis attack and he hauled him into the hospital at Roseburg. A cot was suspended from the top of the truck with this fellow strapped to the cot. Sam said that he was more scared than the sick man, as the road from camp to Canyonville, Oregon was a rough dirt road, the route to the hospital.

Taking his honorable discharge, Sam left the C.C.C., returning in six months, this time to Camp Prescott, located near Medford. This camp was building revetments at the Medford Airport at that time, hauling granite from the hills west of Central Point, Oregon.

At the South Umpqua Camp the boys were involved in fire fighting and were trained in the "one lick" system which had proven so effective. After training in this system, Sam was assigned to a side camp called "Coffee Pot," where the barracks were tents with wooden floors and built up with four-foot high walls all around.

This was during the summer. They washed their clothes in old-fashioned wash tubs using scrub boards. There they had "pit" toilets; the garbage was all burned.

The first job Sam had was "picking up rocks on the road, filling the holes with dirt." A road was begun from the South Umpqua to the North Umpqua; he doesn't know if this road was ever finished. (Perhaps we can check this out this summer—1976.)

Some other training at the camp was loading trucks with all the necessary equipment needed, also putting on their caulk boots. This training came in handy later on. One time when the boys had worked all day, had gone to bed at 10 P.M., then got called out on a fire at 10:30. They were hauled about seven miles, then unloaded, crossed the river and walked until six A.M. When they finally arrived at the fire, it had become quite small, and they had it surrounded in short order. However, a wind came up that afternoon which caused them to run to keep from getting burned. Sam's jacket had a hole burned in it from the sparks.

They had a radio that was hand-cranked. They would run a few yards, send out a message, then run some more. Finally the wind slowed down and they were able to go back to trail building. During this time, they had nothing to eat and no sleep. It was during the second night that some other fellow brought in some sack lunches and the next day the civilians started to arrive, also the pack train (mules) with supplies and equipment needed for the fire. Those boys were on that fire about five days when they were called out on another fire. There is no report as to how long the civilians stayed on the fire but there being no motorized equipment it took much longer.

In another fire they were on they ran low on water, but an Indian in the outfit took Sam with him and told him that if they dug there, at a certain spot, they would find water. This they did, but the water was pretty muddy. However, they managed to get enough water back to the other men. It wasn't the best tasting but enough for survival until other water was available.

Again, we asked if Sam thought he benefitted personally from his C.C.C. experience. He says he surely did, and thinks it was a very fine deal, giving a boy a chance to help his family and feeling more like a man by so doing.



In the barracks, Camp Comfort on the South Umpqua River, Southern Oregon.



(Left) A couple of the boys at Diamond Lake, Oregon.

(Right) Mt. Thielson and Diamond Lake, Oregon.



(Photographs from Sam Jones' collection.)

CLARENCE JORDAN

Present address: 718 Beekman Street, Medford, Oregon 97501

Clarence enrolled at Medford as a Local Experienced Man (L.E.M.) and was kept in the Medford area, stationed at Union Creek. Numerous campgrounds were built—on the Diamond Lake Highway, Muir Creek was one very nice camp; Muir Creek ran on three sides of this camp which was built right in the horseshoe bend of Muir Creek. They also built a camp on Crater Creek, Hurry On Creek, National Creek, Hanaker Meadows, and many more.

The main camp was about one-half mile south of Union Creek on the Crater Lake Highway. This was a tent city type camp. They stayed here during the summer, retreating before the snowstorms to a barracks type camp, about eight miles up Elk Creek from the Crater Lake Highway. Their work here was clearing roads up Doad's Creek to Burnt Peak. Numerous rights of way and trails in this area were cleared by them.

The boys of this camp were mostly from the Los Angeles area. Clarence says they were easily "spooked" by noises at night, especially after the older men told them stories of cougars, mountain lions, etc. These boys, however, did some mighty fine work on these camps. Some camps are still in use today, forty years later.

Clarence told that they were called out to several fires, one near Ruch, one on Little Tinker Pin Mountain, on Green Springs range, and on Elk Creek.

Clarence has been retired 10 years now. He hopes to visit some of the campsites after the weather warms up this summer and, like so many of us, Clarence wishes he had taken more pictures at that time. One of the objectives of this book is to share some of the pictures from those who do have with those who do not.

It was really interesting to talk with Clarence about some of the things that happened in the C.C.C. camp days. Wish we could have had more time to just reminisce, am sure he would have come up with some interesting stories.

J. C. KAYLOR

Present address: 8055 Wagner Creek Road, Talent, Oregon 97540

Jay Kaylor's home when he enrolled in the C.C.C. was Wadley, Alabama. He was sent to Bloxham, Florida, where he spent about one year and was then transferred to Somerville, South Carolina. This camp then transferred to Chester, South Carolina; next to Oxford, Alabama; from there to Munford, Alabama. Then, in October, 1937, their entire company was sent to Camp Prescott, near Medford, Oregon. Camp Wineglass in Crater Lake National Park was the location where they improved the scenic trails around the rim of Crater Lake, doing a lot of masonry work. Also the trail down to the water was built and improved by the men of this outfit. (If you are ever in Southern Oregon try to make an 82-mile side trip to Crater Lake as this compares favorably with any scenery any place in the world.)

Prescott was their winter camp and they spent their summers in Crater Lake National Park, first at Wineglass on the east entrance, next, Annie Springs on the west entrance to Crater Lake.

Jay tells us an interesting story we are going to share with you. It is about a robber bear which had been breaking into the mess hall at night, so two of the boys decided they were going to put a stop to this. One of them took a .22 cal. rifle, the other a flashlight, and when the bear knocked the

door down, the boy with the flashlight spotted him and the other one shot him with the .22. Of course, this was no more than a bee sting to the bear but he decided to get out of there. When he took off, the boys chased him and cut the bear's throat—now that took nerve. Jay said he skinned him and the hide was taken to Oregon Caves where it was put on the wall and stayed until it rotted.

Jay was the Project Superintendent's Clerk, keeping record of the work being done, the man-hours and the cost of each project at Camp Prescott.

When this camp was disbanded, Jay went to Camp Lava Beds, California, south of the state line from Klamath Falls, Oregon. Here he was Technical Service Clerk, still keeping records of the work detail.

One day Captain W. H. Driscoll called Jay into Headquarters at Medford, division headquarters for the Medford District, covering all of Southern Oregon and Northern California. Here his job was to mimeograph all the papers for the District. This position he held until threat of war came along which took all the reserve officers from the three C's. These men had to be replaced so Jay had the opportunity to go to school to be an officer in the C.C.C., and was assigned to the Oregon Caves Camp at that National Monument. Jay was next sent to Annie Springs, this time as Camp Commander in the same campsite where he, Jay, had been an enrollee three years before.

Jay Kaylor was then transferred to a camp on the Oregon coast at Waldport, then to Elkton, Oregon. At Elkton, Jay was inducted into the U.S. Army.

We would like to state here, we believe this shows what a boy could do in the C.C.C. This man certainly has plenty of praise for the organization and has no regrets over the time spent in the three C's.

Mrs. Kaylor stated that she was happy that her husband was in the C's, as that is the way she met him. (We think this statement was great, too.)



J. C. Kaylor as Company Commander.
Elkton, Oregon 1941-42.



J. C. Kaylor, a rookie at Camp Annie Springs
Crater Lake National Park, Oregon.
1940

(These photographs are from the collection of J. C. Kaylor.)



J. C. Kaylor and Clyde Kirby at Crater Lake National Park, Oregon.

JACK KENNEDY

Present address: 401 Park Street, Medford, Oregon 97501

Jack enrolled in the C.C.C. at Oxford, Alabama, and was sent to Munford, Alabama, forming Company No. 468. This company spent six months at Cheaha State Park, and they built Cheaha State Park. They also fought fires, made roads, trails, etc., and built cabins, rest rooms and bathhouses, out of native stone. Some of the boys became quite proficient at rock laying. Jack was quite thrilled to show his wife these buildings when they visited there in 1975. Mrs. Kennedy is a local girl from Medford and Jack met her at the time his company was transferred to Camp Prescott, just outside Medford, Oregon. We are sure they would not have met had it not been for the C.C.C.

Jack's complete company was shipped to the West Coast in October, 1937, a six-day trip by train, this being quite a journey for a boy in those days. He tells of the train pulling onto sidings, the chow line forming outside and, after filling their mess kits, finding a seat just anywhere—on the sand dunes, logs or whatever. The boys stopped over in Dunsmuir, California, so they could stretch their legs and, of course, the boys wandered around over town, an interesting experience for these southern boys to have in a far west town. Jack says it was an interesting experience, too, for the local people to be able to speak with southern boys. They got to Medford, Jack says, at just the right time of year, there still were pears on the trees and it was good to pick fruit right off the trees.

The camp was already built when the boys arrived so they were able to begin work on the roads. A road was built up to the top of Roxy Ann Mountain, approximately seven miles from the city of Medford, to the top of the peak. The view from there is breathtaking, one can see almost the entire Rogue River Valley. Roxy Ann Mountain is also a landmark for Valley residents.

The gravel for this entire road was hand loaded onto trucks and hauled from a quarry north of Medford. The entire park was built by the boys, the benches being hand hewed from native logs. They built barbeque pits and fire places out of native stone; it is hoped that these are still standing. This camp was turned over to the City of Medford as a city park.

This company later moved to Camp Wineglass, a tent city camp, in the Crater Lake National Park. This work was done under supervision of the Forest Service, building and maintaining roads and clearing campgrounds. When the snow drove them out of the Natioanl Park they returned to Camp Prescott.

Jack says that he learned to drive truck while in C.C.C.; also to lay rock and operate equipment. This type work has stayed with him throughout his life; in fact, Jack Kennedy is now working for the

State Highway Department engaged in this kind of work. He believes what he learned in the C.C.C. days has guided his work life.

The camps throughout the region had all kinds of intercamp sports, in which Jack was quite active. There was competition in boxing, wrestling, baseball, basketball and volley ball, with the various camps in the Medford district. In the small towns of the area Jack participated in boxing, basketball and baseball. The Camp Prescott band was well known in the Medford area, playing for dances in the surrounding neighborhood.

Jack keeps in touch with a lot of his old C.C.C. buddies to the extent of inviting them to his children's weddings, returning to Medford to make his home together with his wife (C.C.C. sweetheart) whom he married 40 years ago! We don't mean they stayed away that long!

The wonderful educational program in this Camp should be told here. Most scholastic subjects were taught, besides baking, cooking, leathercraft, lapidary work, woodworking, lathe work, etc.

Another story of a C.C.C. boy who has carried on with the work he learned in C.C.C.



Just sparring around. Jack Kennedy (*left*).
Camp Wineglass.



Those were the days, my friend.
Jack Kennedy (*right*).
Camp Wineglass
Crater Lake National Park, Oregon.

(Photographs from Jack Kennedy's collection.)

WILLIAM J. KOEPKE

Present address: 540 Fairmount Street, Medford, Oregon 97501

Bill was in the C.C.C. from April 12, 1934 to April, 1938, spending all of this time in Washington state, in five different camps. These were Goldendale, Rockcreek, Guler, Sunset and Twin Buttes.

Their main work was falling snags in burned over areas. These snags attracted lightning causing the area to burn again; therefore, these snags had to be felled before any successful reforestation and seeding could be done.

The mess hall at Goldendale burned with approximately \$5,000 in damage and was completely destroyed. This was said to be the best equipped C.C.C. establishment of its kind in the district. After the fire the men used regular Army field equipment for their cooking; an auxiliary building was set up as a semi-permanent field kitchen.

Bill helped set up the telephone network for the forest service, between lookouts and Forest Service Headquarters. This was on his record and prompted the Army to put him in Communication, in Field Artillery, 40th Infantry Division, in the Pacific Theater, at Guadalcanal, New Britain and the Philippine Islands.

Like so many being interviewed for this book, Bill is thoroughly convinced that it was one of the most successful programs ever carried out by the Government, and he honestly believes that something like the C.C.C. should be started once again. This writer firmly agrees. He also thinks that this program taught him to economize, even to giving up tobacco at an early age—healthwise as well as moneywise.

The day after Mr. Koepke was interviewed, we found a picture of Bill in the *Medford Mail Tribune*, commending him for his 29 years of service with the Weather Bureau at the Medford Station.

We would like to add that this is another affidavit of a former C.C.C. member who made the grade. We offer our congratulations and hope that he snags one of the finest fish ever pulled out of the Rogue River, where Bill says you will be finding him a good deal of the time this summer, breaking in his new boat.

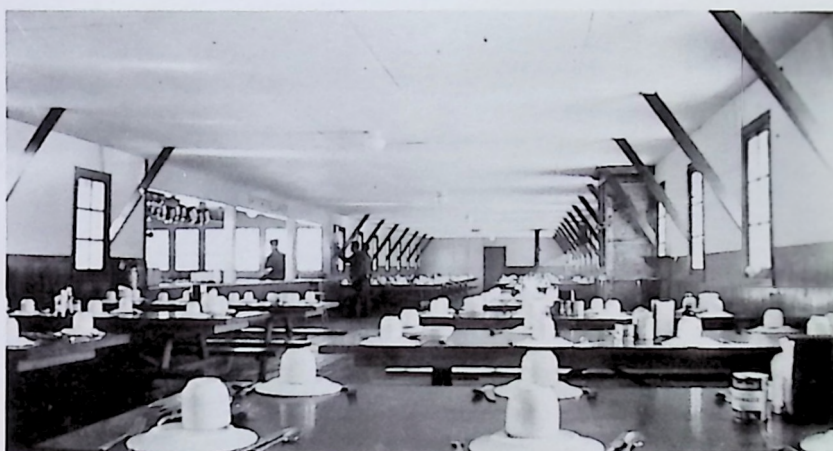
Thanks, Bill, for taking time out for this interview and for the fine pictures. Good luck, friend.



CCC Camp at Goldendale, Washington where Bill Koepke spent two years. 1936.



Sunset Camp, Co. 945, Yacolt, Wash. Clearing snags for reforestation after fire of 1902.



(Left) Interior view of mess hall (later destroyed by fire) at Goldendale in Washington.

(Right) Forest Service Packer ready to move CCC boys back into the hills beyond truck roads to build trails.



(Photographs from William J. Koepke collection.)

HENRY LA POLLA

Present address: 14737 Crater Lake Highway, Eagle Point, Oregon 97524

Henry enrolled in the C.C.C. in April, 1935, when he was living in Danielson, Connecticut, and went to a camp company No. 182 in West Cornwall, Connecticut.

The work at this camp was fighting forest fires, cleaning brush, fighting blister rust, cutting firewood, and improving the forest in general. They also cut fenceposts from chestnut trees, for highway right-of-way fence. The forest that they cleaned up consisted of chestnut, red and white oak, maple (both hard and soft), and white pine, this latter being very susceptible to blister rust. This fungi disease was carried to the forest from gooseberry and currant bushes, which had to be pulled up and burned wherever found. If these bushes were on private property and cultivated, the Government reimbursed the owner, if there was evidence that they were hurting the pine trees.

Henry states that they had to go onto the Colgate (of Colgate-Palmolive) Estate to clear blister rust.

We asked about the Recreation and Educational Programs at the camp. There was a good baseball club; there was a pool table, horseshoes to play, and Henry mentioned they put on a "smoker" once a month, this being a variety type play put on by the boys. This show always had a good turnout and a good time was had by all. We had a good time talking about some of the harmless pranks the boys played on each other.

Henry's camp was 104 miles from his home town. He made a trip home whenever he could to see his girl friend and his family. This girl friend is now his wife. She reminded him of several incidents that we found interesting. We thought this was wonderful—two people working together all these years.

This boy learned to play guitar here, also helped out on several of these "smokers."

This camp, named Camp Gross, was named after the man who was governor of Connecticut at that time.



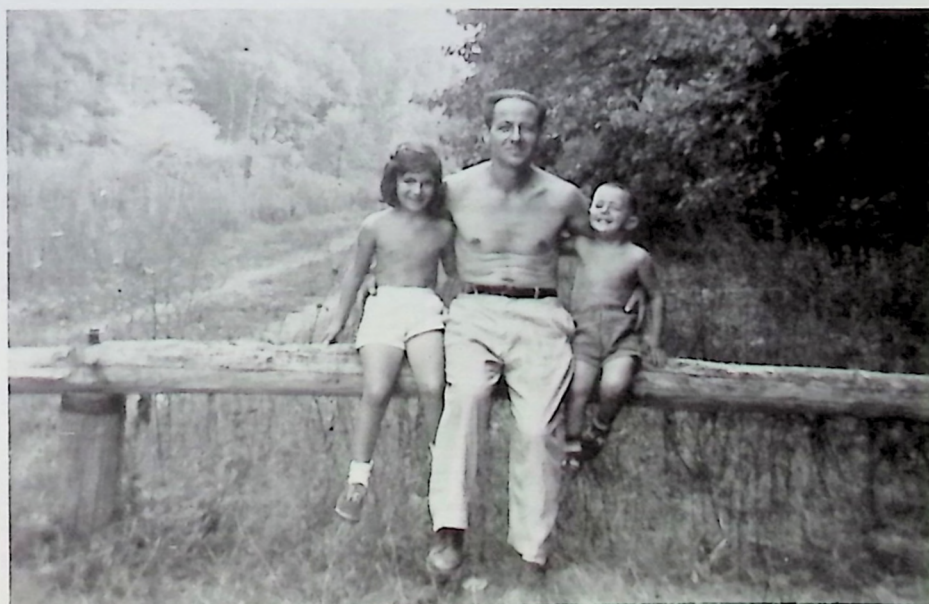
182nd Co. CCC, West Cornwall, Connecticut.



(Left) Entrance to Camp Gross, near West Cornwall, Connecticut, 1935.

This is the same location shown in the picture below of Henry LaPolla and his children taken 20 years later in 1955.

(Right) Campsite revisited in 1955 by Henry LaPolla and family. Wife took the picture. This was the entrance to Camp Gross shown in the picture above.



(Photos from Henry LaPolla's collection.)

WILLIAM P. LARSON

Present address: 828 Broad Street, Medford, Oregon 97501

Bill was living at Drew, Oregon on the Tiller Trail Highway, about 40 miles north of Medford, when he enrolled at Canyonville, Oregon and then shipped to Camp Drew, three miles from home. He stayed there until the new camp at Devils Flat was built and then was sent there. He became First cook until the regular cooks were sent over from Camp Drew.

Bill then started work in falling timber, this being the kind of work he was accustomed to. His work was in the woods in the summer, going back to cooking in the winter. A friend, Perry DeVoe, talked Bill into the cooking job as they worked well together as a team.

Camp Steamboat on the North Umpqua, upriver from Glide, Oregon, was the next place Bill was sent to. There he was a "cat skinner," also ran a jack hammer and was a compressor operator, working on the road between Rock Creek and Steamboat Camp. This road later went through to what is known as Toketee Falls and on to Diamond Lake, a well-known and beautiful lake in Southern Oregon, of which he hopes to include some recent pictures.

We took the liberty of asking a leading question of this man, namely, did he think there was any educational value in having been in the C.C.C. His answer was that there is no yardstick to measure the amount of learning a boy could get in the three C's, the opportunity was there—anyone who wanted could learn to operate the equipment, cook, bake, learn office work, etc. Bill was in the organization a little early for the regular school classes set up with an Educational Advisor, but there was much more to learn anyway.

Bill says he would have liked to have more time for the interview as he could probably recall several little stories of one of the happiest times of his life! We concur with Bill; however, time isn't as limiting here as is space. We have nearly 120 names of men who have offered stories, and words of praise for the C.C.C. We know that some are going to have to be left out, much to our regret. But as the saying goes, "a picture is worth a thousand words," and we have so many pictures we want to include as this is a pictorial history of the achievements of the Civilian Conservation Corps.

CLIFFORD MARTIN

Present address: 1001 Galls Creek Road, Gold Hill, Oregon 97525

Clifford enrolled in the C.C.C. on May 29, 1933, at Fort Wayne, Michigan, and was assigned to Company No. 1619, at Waucedah, Upper Michigan, a tent city type camp, a road building camp. They were building roads into the forest of this area to be used as access roads in case of fire. They also had a blister rust detail working out of this camp. Blister rust was an insect introduced to the pine trees by gooseberry and currant bushes. These crews had to pull out the bushes and clear the timber, burning the brush on the spot.

Clifford left this camp in November, enrolling the next day at Camp Sturgeon River, at Foster City, Michigan, a permanent type camp where there were nice buildings. The same type of work was carried on here as was done at Waucedah. Clifford stayed at Camp Sturgeon until March, 1934, taking his discharge, and the C.C.C. paid his transportation back to Detroit.

They were snowed in that winter. They had to learn to ski and use snowshoes, in case it would have been necessary for them to leave on foot. This is a sport he has enjoyed ever since, Clifford says.

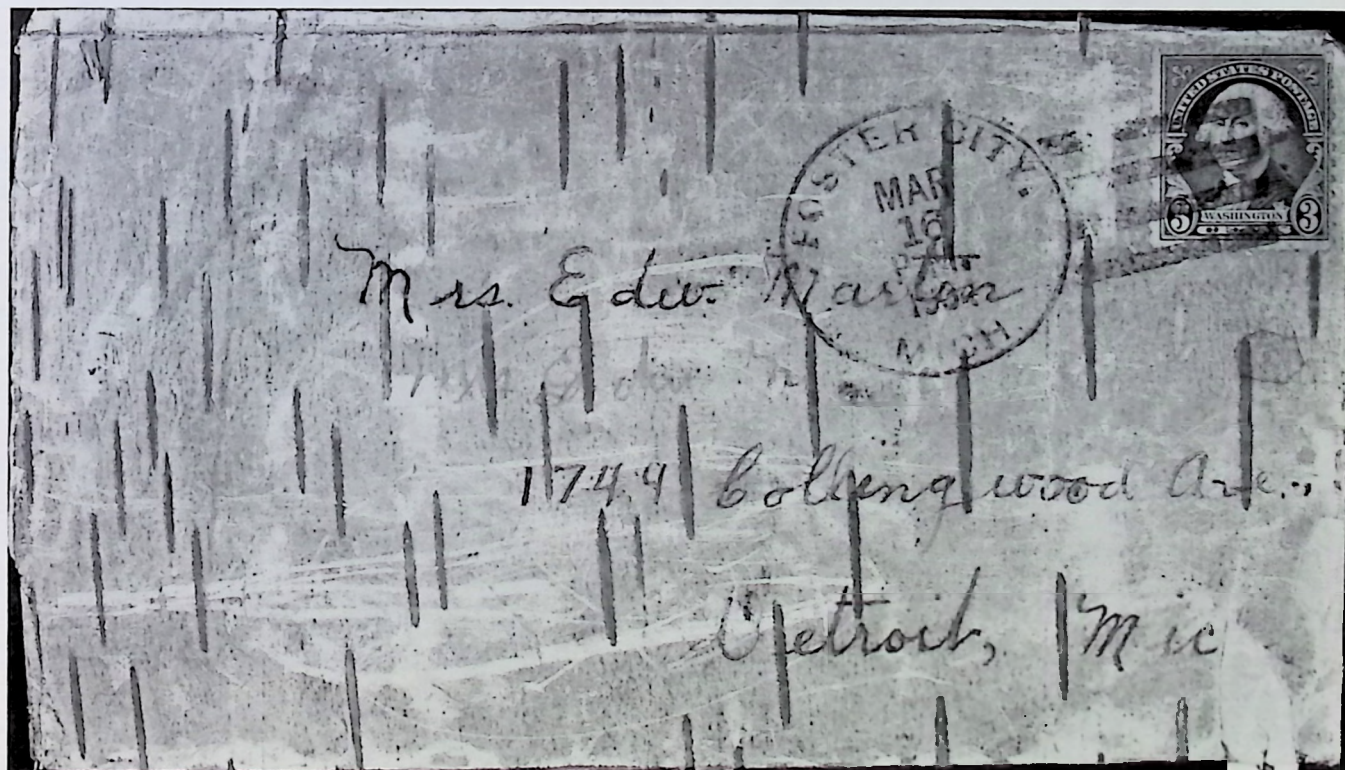
Camp Sturgeon was in a Swedish settlement. We were shown invitations the boys from Camp Sturgeon received for social events at the churches there. Sermons alternated in English one week, and Swedish the next week. Clifford played a mouth organ pretty well in those days at the church and at social events in Foster City.

When the weather was as cold as 15 below, the boys worked out in it (that was an extremely cold winter). He says he froze one ear when he was out without proper head covering. He remembers it being 38 degrees below zero, one night. Next day, none of the trucks would start. They had a small "cat" tractor that was in by the fire. It was started and it pulled the trucks, but the wheels just slid and would not turn the motors over.

Clifford maintains this was really a worthwhile program and wonders if maybe it wouldn't be a good thing to get started again. What this country needs is work, not welfare.

Clifford, like so many C.C.C. boys we have visited, is now retired after working 21 years for Pacific Power and Light Company as a truck driver, a trade he learned in the C.C.C.

This man has nothing but good to say for the C.C.C. Program. He knows some former C.C.C. boys who have made a good life for themselves. We must say, Amen, to this. The food was good and wholesome and Clifford gained almost 30 pounds that winter, in spite of the hard work done in the woods.



This envelope, made from peeled birch bark, was mailed home by Clifford Martin while he was in CCC Camp near Foster City, Michigan.



Hot meals brought to the boys on the job in Upper Michigan.

(Photographs from Clifford Martin's collection.)



Clearing for new road in Upper Michigan.



Clifford Martin and his '33 Ford Truck in Upper Michigan.

HARRY MOORE

Present address: 1905 Old Pacific Highway, South, Talent, Oregon 97540

Harry furnished us the pictures for this article which is about his experience in the C.C.C. His home town at time of enrollment was McCall, Idaho, and he was fortunate in that the camp was in his home town.

The work this camp engaged in was cleaning up the beaches on Payette Lake. There were two Payette Lakes, upper and lower, the lower one being the larger of the two, with thirty miles of shoreline. McCall is located on the lower end of the larger lake. Sled dog races were held around this lake in wintertime.

This camp was subject to call on any forest fire that broke out in that part of the state. Harry spent 32 days fighting the Sheep Mountain fire in central Idaho in 1934. This was very rough country. The boys went by truck to Yellow Pine, then by pack train to Sheep Mountain, there being no road into this area, just rough trails—what they called the Beaver Slide. The men walked in from Yellow Pine, carrying their bed rolls and clothing in back pack. It was from eight to 15 miles into the timber from Yellow Pine. We asked Harry if they had any close calls or scary moments. He says they were driven into a rocky area by the fire and had to just wait it out until they were able to make it back to camp through the embers.

Another time he tells of a fire sweeping up the canyon and wiping out their camp, burning their sleeping bags and even running their cook out of camp just before dinner was ready, so they had cold sandwiches. (We suspect these sandwiches might have been toasted, or maybe scorched!)

He tells of one time when the packer arrived at camp along in the evening and the boys helped him unload his supplies. The mules were turned loose in a meadow below camp for the night. The bell, or lead mule, was killed during the night by a falling snag. Guess this put the packer in a bad spot as lead mules were hard to come by.

When the above mentioned fire was over, they went to a camp at Horseshoe Bend, Idaho, a road construction camp. From there, they built about fifteen miles of road up the canyon. There had been a road here but it was in bad shape. So they completely rebuilt the road.

Harry was a Local Experienced Man (L.E.M.) in these camps. The LEM's job was to show the boys how to do whatever job they undertook. Knowing the country real well was no handicap, especially when out on forest fires, as he had hunted in this part of the country for years.

This man says the fishing was real good in that part of Idaho in those years. When asked if he had been back to this area since, he said he had been to McCall three times. He doesn't believe that the old camp buildings are still standing.

Altogether, Harry was in the C.C.C. almost one year, taking his honorable discharge to go to work in a sawmill.

Everyone we have talked with says they wish there was something going on like the three C's now—Harry is no exception. He feels that if we had something like this, it would get many boys off the street and improve the country. Much of this kind of work is still to be done. Harry thinks there would be less Welfare needed, also fewer convicts, if some sort of a good program were started, as idleness gets more people into trouble. If something in the way of a good work program for the youth were going now, there would be fewer men in penitentiaries. Harry says he'd like to see this on a ballot and he would vote "yes" as quick as he could get to the polls.

We believe we have found a real champion for the C.C.C. Program. Wish we had more time to spend talking about those days and reminisce about the C.C.C. Maybe we'll get back for a longer talk some other time.



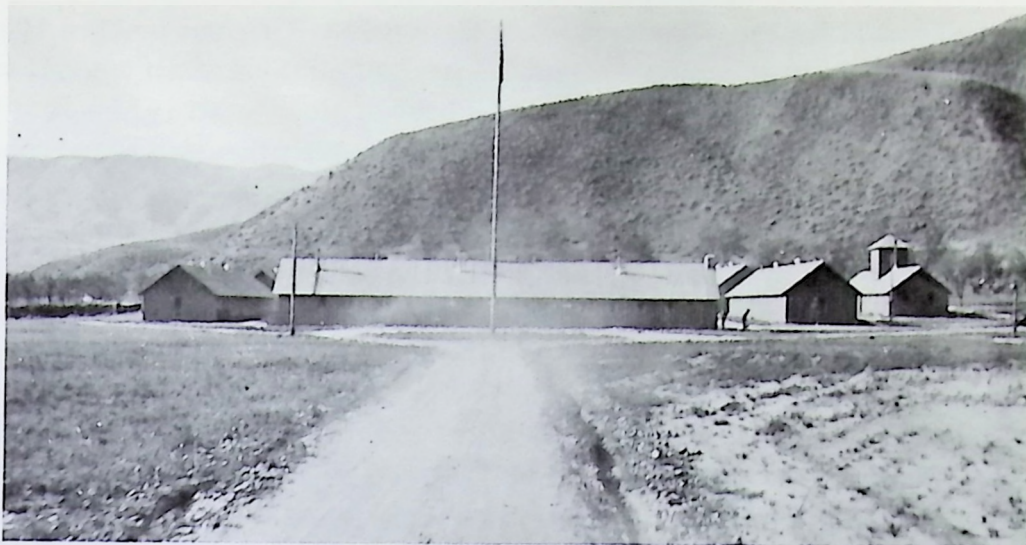
Bird's Eye View of camp at Horseshoe Bend, Idaho.



Bridge built by CCC at Riggins, Idaho, 1933.



Blasting for new road bed. Horseshoe Bend, Idaho, 1934.



Camp entrance, Horseshoe Bend, Idaho.

(Photographs on this and the preceding page are from Harry Moore's collection.)



CCC boy operating bulldozer and grader at
Horseshoe Bend, Idaho, winter 1934.

GEORGE PALMER

Present address: 2161 Taylor Road, Space D-7, Central Point, Oregon 97502

George was living at Miles City, Montana when he enrolled. This was in April 1933, at Ashland, Montana, where he took his examination and got his issue of clothing and then was sent to a Spike camp, 42 miles back in the hills toward the Wyoming border. Here he was given four head of horses and a "Fresno" Scraper. Two of these horses were gentle, but the other two were broncos (just green broken).

George was part of a nine-member crew, consisting of a cook, a foreman and seven men with four-horse teams on "Fresnos" and plows. Their job was building small dams in the gullies and draws to conserve water for the wildlife in this area, also to stop erosion, a multi-purpose program. This took 30 or more days. Then they were called out to load all their gear into four big, old Army wagons, and were moved back 18 miles farther into the mountains. There they set up a small fly camp and started breaking ground for a reservoir. The boys worked on this about six weeks and then were moved farther back into the hills. This was the pattern throughout the summer months, working one spot then moving on to the next small dam.

Their provisions, including hay, grain and harness repair for the horses, were hauled in by freight wagon. George says the cook had a "rough shuffle" as he had to haul drinking water in barrels for cooking and for the men; there was a water hole nearby for the horses, too muddy for human use.

The wild animals in this country became quite curious coming right into camp to get acquainted. Even a quite large cougar came down to within 100 feet of the horse corral. The men were awakened by the stomping and snorting of the horses; George says this was an "early bugle call"! As soon as the men started moving around the cougar got out of there real fast.

At one of the camps there was a real fine swimming pool nearby. One evening when they went down for a quick dip to get the dust washed off, they found an old Mama bear and two cubs playing in the pool, just having a ball. The boys didn't do any swimming that night but just watched (from a distance!). The bears wouldn't leave. It seems as though Mama bear had quite a sense of priority—we were here first!

Five of these dams were built that summer by these nine men. Then they moved down out of the hills for the winter, spending nearly 30 days setting up this camp, a more permanent type camp. They knew they were going to be there quite a while, building a large reservoir. This was about 45 miles from Ashland, Montana.

What seemed remarkable to us is the fact that in all this time there wasn't a real serious accident. George, however, did dislocate a shoulder. They set it there in camp, and later took him to the main camp to a doctor who said it was alright by the time he saw the boy, and the setting was as well done as he, the doctor, could have done it.

At Christmas time the boys were given 14 days leave to spend with their folks, leaving one man in camp to care for the stock (we imagine this was a lonesome ordeal).

George mentioned something that we hadn't thought of for several years. This was concerning the "stone boats," a sled-like affair used to haul rocks to the dam, which they used to rip rap the face of the dam.

George worked here until spring, taking his honorable discharge and then returned home. He was proud to have been a part of this pioneer era of the Civilian Conservation Corps as well as having been able to help out at home, for the time that he was away.

Another man speaks a good word for the C.C.C. as so many have.

JOE PARSONS

Present address: 5124 North River Road, Gold Hill, Oregon 97525

At the time of his enrollment, Joe's home town was Whittier, California. He enrolled at Fort MacArthur, and was sent to McCloud, California, spending two months there before being transferred to Spring Flats, in the Scott Valley, near Fort Jones, California.

At Mud Creek Camp near McCloud, they were engaged in soil erosion, building mud check-dams to stop the flow of mud coming down the gullies there. Joe "got a little feel" of carpenter work, pick and shovel, concrete pouring, etc., here.

After four months they were transferred to Spring Flats in the Scott Valley, where the work was road building, fire trail building, and maintenance and fire suppression. Joe feels that he was really lucky as most camps were called out on forest fires, and they were not. This was something different, spending one year in the heart of the forest wilderness and not having a fire to have to fight. But, after all, the job of preventing fire was more important than putting out one. That is the reason for the building of all those trails. One Forestry Service man told us, if the C.C.C. had been there a year or two before, building trails and access roads, the loss in the big Tillamook Burn would have been only about 10 percent because the boys would have been able to get to the fires.

Joe tells of the boxing ring they had at Spring Flat and there were some of the fellows who were pretty good at this sport, some travelling to Medford, Oregon, and other areas to box. This was something for them to look forward to, as they would take the three C's trucks and allow as many men to go as wished to. The trucks also went into Yreka, California on weekends.

Their baseball team was a very fine one, at Spring Flats, playing all the other camps in the area, and playing the local teams at the nearby towns. These games were played on Sunday afternoons and, again, this was always something for the boys to look forward to as a good time was had by all. The boys were all welcome at the dances in town, but Joe says he didn't care to ride the truck into town in the wintertime, these trucks being mostly open stakebeds, not too comfortable.

A cadre of 25 men was moved over to Camp Swinford Spring, near Vya, Nevada. When they unloaded here, they were out in the sagebrush with their cots and supplies and slept out in the open that first night. They later went over to Camp "Board Corral," about 20 to 25 miles distant and borrowed some tents for shelter. While there they were clearing ground and preparing the area for the camp. They went up to Swinford Springs, opened up the spring and built a water tower for water supply for use when the camp was completed.

The work at this camp was predatory animal control, wild animal water supply, road building, stringing telephone lines, and maintenance.

The closest town to Swinford Springs was Cedarville, California, east of Alturas. Joe related that this was reputed to be some of the country described by Zane Grey because of the beautiful colors on the sage at sunset. Could this be the book *Riders of the Purple Sage*?



Camp Swinford Springs, Vya, Nevada, due East of Cedarville, California.



Spring Flats near Fort Jones, California. Road into camp, Company 1907.



(Photographs from Joe Parson's collection.)

Spring Flats, Co. 1907. Ft. Jones, California.



End of the trail for one old cow. Vya, Nevada.

BENNY PEEK

Present address: 7555 Hillcrest Road, Medford, Oregon 97501

Benny enrolled at Camp McPherson, Georgia, just outside his home town, Atlanta, and was sent to Greenville, South Carolina, staying three months there after which he went to Camp Applegate, near Ruch, Oregon, headquarters—Medford.

Benny tells how near he came to missing a chance to come to Oregon; he was able to come only when another fellow wasn't there to come to Oregon. Benny put in for his place on the shipment of men.

When he got to Medford, Benny states that he hoped they would get him to the mountains as soon as possible because he thought, at the rate it was raining, they would drown if they were forced to stay in the lowlands. The date was October 14, 1937. One of the finest campgrounds was developed, the McKee Campground, near the McKee Bridge.

If Benny saw a piece of equipment sitting idle, he would go over and jump on it, then run it until someone pulled him off. Then one day they needed someone who could run them. By this time he knew how to operate these pieces of equipment. He has stayed with heavy equipment ever since.

This was a Forest Service camp No. F-41. He showed us a newspaper picture pasted in an album of a friend, Grady Pennington, who became an excellent equipment operator. The picture shows Grady on a "cat" and tells of him being sent to Wake Island before World War II. This Grady was taken prisoner there by the Japanese and was a prisoner of war all through W.W. II, and released after the war. Wish we could contact him for an interview for an article.

Applegate Camp F-41 worked at building roads as well as campsites. They erected a flagpole over 100 feet high. A good deal of the road they built on the Little Applegate had to be blasted through solid rock in the making of it. He says that a lot of the boys got a good workout on the jack-hammers and drills; however, this was what the C.C.C. was supposed to do—teach the boys what hard work was.

Benny married a girl from the Central Point, Oregon High School class of 1942, the former Nadine Musty. We talked with Mrs. Peek during this visit. She reminded Benny of things to tell us about the camp and the time.

We will have more on Camp Applegate later as we have at least two more men to visit that were a part of the old Applegate C.C.C. Camp.

For anyone reading this book, living quite a distance from Medford, Oregon, and wishing to find out about things in this area, you may write either Benny Peek or this writer, especially anyone who was in the C.C.C. in this area.

Mr. Peek furnished us with the only shoulder patch we have been able to come up with (this writer does not remember having seen one before).



Benny Peek's buddy, Grady Pennington,
operating "cat."

(Photographs from Benny Peek's collection.)



Many CCC boys were trained
on this "cat."



Bob Harris, Forester on road job
on the Little Applegate.

F. E. (MANNY) POOLE

Present address: P. O. Box 54, Butte Falls, Oregon 97522

Mr. Poole was living at Butte Falls, Oregon when he enrolled in the three C's, as a Local Experienced Man (L.E.M.) as he had been working for the Forest Service when he went into C.C.C.

The camp was set up on the South Fork of the Rogue River. The majority of the boys coming to this camp had been at Moon Prairie Camp near Hyatt Lake. Upon arriving at South Fork, they moved into an old logging camp, consisting mostly of old railroad cars. They were fortunate to find a ready-made camp. The boys worked in an old burned-over area where fires known as the "Bowen Creek" and "Cook" burns had occurred. Adjacent to each other and having been a year or two apart, these fires were referred to by different names. The year was 1929 or 1930, and the C.C.C. was moved in in the fall of 1933 when they commenced the clearing and reseedling of the Bowen Creek Burn. Today this is a beautiful forest.

Another project the C.C.C. took over while here was the construction of a telephone system in this area, connecting all the Guard Stations and lookout towers. The cleaning up of the old railroad beds in this area was taken over by the boys. Piling a lot of "slash," the debris left after logging, these old logging railroads were turned into useful roads, which the Forest Service used as access roads in time of fire.

The present Forest Service complex at Butte Falls was built by the C.C.C. This included the office, three residences and the warehouse. These buildings are still standing after 41 years. (It is hoped we will have some up-to-date pictures of these buildings). They also built three lookout towers in the area these being Blue Rock, Fredenburg Butte and the Camp No. 2 Emergency Lookout. There was a continuing job of maintaining roads and trails through the forest.

This camp was here approximately three years and in this period of time made tremendous improvement in the forest in this particular area.

At one time, the camp was an "all-colored" camp. Hopefully, we will hear from some of these boys.

Manny has no pictures from those days but says he would be glad to furnish us with them if he had them. He has been connected in some way with Forestry ever since 1931, with the exception of about three years during World War II, until his retirement in 1970. All of this forestry work was in the Butte Falls, Oregon area. (We surmise you could ask about any mountain peak or road throughout the Rogue River National Forest and this man would know where it is and have something to tell of that location.)

Mr. Poole tells us that a Mr. John Holst was in charge of work detail and all work in the timber. He says the L.E.M. always took a group of men out on different jobs and was responsible for the men (he says, "if you took eight men with you, you had better *have* eight men when you returned). Some of the boys were real worried about getting lost as some of them had never been in the mountains and timber before, having been brought up in the city. This was quite an experience for these boys! Really, this was what the three C's was all about, teaching the different types of work. The wood cutting detail, Manny says, was no small job for these fellows.

MIKE SANITATE

Present address: 6598 Truax Road, Central Point, Oregon 97502

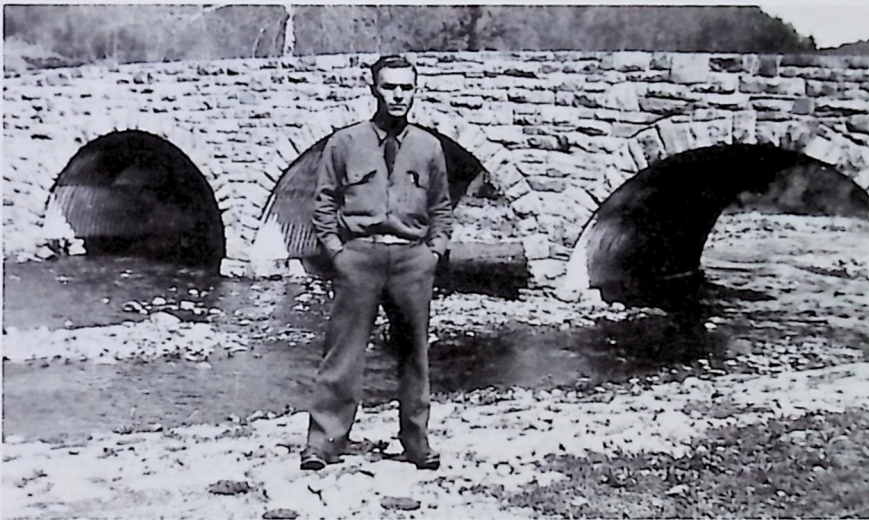
Mike was in the C.C.C. for six months having enrolled in January, 1939 from Farrell, Pennsylvania, and sent to Cumberland, Pennsylvania, later on to Natural Bridge Park, Virginia. This was at Buena Vista, Virginia. The work there was fire suppression, trail and road building and small dams construction. Mike reports there were several Spike camps further up in the hills from the main camp, but felt that he was lucky to be able to stay in the main camp where he was able to work in his shirt sleeve while some of the Spike camps were in the snow area.

Mike had worked in a steel mill in Pennsylvania before enrolling in the C.C.C. so this was his first chance to work out in the open. He took a First Aid course, and made the camp baseball team. This team played other C.C.C. camps as well as small town teams in the area.

Some of the forest fires he ehlped fight were really important to a boy who had been city-raised, Mike told us.

Mrs. Sanitate helped dig up a lot of these pictures. She reminded Mike of this or that, as they were friends even back then.

We are really pleased to get pictures of this kind as this account is to be a pictorial history of the achievements of the C.C.C. Program.



We don't know if this bridge near Camp Natural Bridge, Virginia was built by CCC but we have seen similar work done by them. This is Mike Sanitate in picture.



Camp at Natural Bridge Station,
Buena Vista, Virginia.

Pond (*right*) built by CCC near Buena Vista, Virginia. Mike Sanitate is on the left.



(Photographs from Mike Sanitate's collection.)

KIRK SNIDER

Present address: 5116 Table Rock Road, Central Point, Oregon 97502

Kirk enrolled in the C.C.C. at Beaumont, Texas, in March, 1934, and was sent to Kirbyville, Texas, 70 or 80 miles north of Beaumont. Their work there was clearing out brush, building roads and bridges into this state forest land, State Forest No. 1. They also fought forest fires and built fire trails into the open woods. Kirk was here for two and a half years. He was injured in the woods there and sent to the hospital at Fort Sam Houston, at San Antonio, Texas, an Army hospital, the largest in the nation at that time. He spent about three months there.

The entire camp at Kirbyville was disbanded and the men sent to Beaumont, where they lived in tents while building the barracks. Their work here was building the city park. Kirk says that a fellow by the name of Terrel had given the city five hundred acres for a city park. The city had no way of developing this so the C.C.C. was called upon.

Two hundred and fifty men were sent into the above location and these C.C.C. men remained about one year, improving this area into one of the most beautiful city parks in East Texas.

Kirk received his discharge while at Fort Sam Houston Hospital and returned to camp at Beaumont to pick up his belongings. He was enrolled in the Education Program while at both Kirbyville and Beaumont. He studied typing, Spanish, Math and Forestry. Kirk thinks the Education Program was one of the most inspiring aspects of the whole program. He states there were boys, 18 or 20 years old, who couldn't spell their own name, nor knew how to figure anything. The instructors took a special interest in these boys and developed some into real good students.

Another thing that must not be overlooked in this report was the medical portion of this program. Mr. Snider claims (and this writer knows this also) some of the boys were in poor physical condition when they arrived at camp, but good medical care, wholesome food, regular hours, proper exercise and physical attention to their own bodies saved these boys' health. At the rate they were going, some of them would never have been able to have passed a physical for the Services when World War II came along.

We will have to agree with Kirk, another thing that was done for the C.C.C. boys was involvement in some spiritual aspect in their lives while in this Program. The churches in these various towns sent out ministers to the camps at regular intervals, stepping aside when the regular Army Chaplains were able to hold meetings in these camps.

These Chaplains and educators along with the Army discipline turned many of the boys away from a life of crime and revolution against society, and everyone seemed to be blamed for the depression. Kirk says that some claimed to have been living out of garbage cans and sleeping under stairways or just anywhere that they could lie down. So the camp life with three square meals a day, a place to sleep, some spiritual and physical guidance seemed like Heaven to many of them, which it really was.

There was only one fatality at either of the camps this man was in. This accident was from a tree falling on a boy in the woods at Kirbyville Camp. Before the tree could be sawed up enough to get him out and to a hospital, the boy was dead. This is a pretty good safety percentage, we think, against the manhours worked in the woods.

One incident that could have developed into a real disaster occurred when they were fighting a fire near Kirbyville. The fire almost encircled them, but the alertness of one boy called their attention to the fact, and they all escaped injury—a miracle, we believe.

PHILLIP R. STUMP

Present address: 5175 Cherry Lane, Medford, Oregon 97501

At the outset of the Depression of the early 1930's the people of the United States were exactly that—depressed. For the most part each and every one of us had a sort of guilt feeling that he or she was responsible for the country being in such poor condition.

Some resorted to drinking to drown their sorrows, a few committed suicide but the majority merely hung their heads in shame, feeling stripped of their dignity. Then something happened which was to rekindle the spark of hope in all of us. Our country's leaders along with the guiding hand of Providence recognized the need for a massive reemployment of the hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men and boys and, hence, brought into being the Civilian Conservation Corps.

The three C's, as we all fondly like to refer to this organization, was not designed to be the answer to all of the country's problems but, instead, a sort of foundation for all on which to start rebuilding our dignity, a means by which the individual could, in a meager sort of way, purchase the three F's—food, fuel and fiber, to support himself and those dependent upon him.

It seems best to point out at this time that the 3 C's was not an organization merely for young boys, though they were the majority, the 3 C's also employed many married men with families. A good many of the older men were skilled craftsmen; their skills were eagerly passed on to the younger men. I believe this to have been one of the biggest contributing factors to the great success of the C.C.C.

This writer was privileged to spend a total time of one and one-half years in the 3 C's. The first nine months, however, was spent at Camp Hemlock, No. 944, at the Wind River Ranger Station of the Gifford Pinchot National Forest. Work being done in the area was of course under the guiding hand of the United States Forest Service and involved such work as reforestation, fire control, recreation area construction and telephone service work.

The second nine months was spent in Camp Goldendale, No. 945, Goldendale, Washington, under the guidance of the Soil Conservation Service. Work projects involved soil erosion control, surveying, road construction and seeding grass crops. Although some of these tasks were pure drudgery, they taught me and others that even the dullest of jobs must be done by someone and, looking back, I can now have a great respect for these lessons.

It seems to this writer in this time of so much uncertainty instilled in our youth of today, coupled with the concern expressed by our leaders almost daily about what can be done to give guidance to the youth, that they might take a lesson from the accomplishment of the 3 C's and consider reinstating the 3 C's, as in the early 30's. It might just be that we could save some of them from their own self-destruction.

It gives me great pride to look at some of the buildings, bridges, roads and campgrounds built by the C.C.C. boys, still standing and in good shape today, knowing that I was a part of this great organization.

(Phil is working for the U.S. Forest Service now in the Engineering Department.—Ed.)

OSCAR SWANSON

Present address: 443 North 2nd Street, Central Point, Oregon 97502

Oscar's home town was Leadore, Idaho. He enrolled at Salmon, Idaho, and was then sent to a camp at Ketchum, Idaho.

The work they were engaged in at Ketchum was road building. They built four roads up to what is now Sun Valley, Idaho. This was before the Union Pacific Railroad developed the large ski resort at Sun Valley, which really put this part of Idaho "on the map," thus people became aware of the potential of ski resort development in the mountains. If it were not for the fact that World War II had come along causing the government to close down the C.C.C., we are certain there would have been more of such areas developed.

Oscar was in only about four months before finding employment elsewhere. He was not in long enough to learn to run any equipment. His brother, however, was at Indianola Camp, down the Salmon River near Shoup, Idaho. He became skilled in running a tractor, grader and other equipment. This trade stayed with him all of his life, operating equipment for the Forest Service, building roads, etc. (Hasn't this been recounted earlier in this book?)

This camp was about 180 miles from this man's hometown. He did not go home the whole time in the three C's.

They went out on several forest fires that summer—one near Carey, Idaho, and from there down to Hailey; however, Oscar does not recall the name-location of any of the other fires he helped on.

Many fire trails were built by this group of boys as well as roads widened in this area by them.

There was a pretty good baseball team at this camp, at Ketchum, playing against Red Fish Camp in the Stanley Basin, as well as other camps in the area. Some of them came into Hailey to play on the town diamond.

Oscar recalls that there was a lake near Ketchum that had seemed bottomless.

Like so many others, this man would like to see this kind of program started again, not necessarily on such a large scale, perhaps if enough of us pulled together, we could get it revived.

B. SAM TAYLOR

Present address: 3404 Chicory Lane, Central Point, Oregon 97502

Sam Taylor writes: "I served in the C.C.C.'s from the time they were formed in 1933 until the first part of September 1934 when I resigned to go to college at Oregon State University.

"The winter of 1932-33 was a particularly tough one on me as I had been out of work for about two years and was living with my sister and her husband on a little farm near Glendale, Oregon. We raised as much of our food as possible and scrounged the rest from neighbors, sometimes exchanging work for food. So when I heard that the C.C.C.'s would be taking fellows like me I became intensely interested.

"When it was announced that applications would be taken at the Federal building in Roseburg, Oregon, on such a date, I hitchhiked the day before to Roseburg and sat all night in front of the door to the office where the applications would be taken. I didn't want to be left out, and I wasn't taking any chances.

"I was accepted and in time we were called to assemble at the armory in Roseburg. Those in charge said they would attempt to assign the men to camps nearest their home, but there were too

many enrollees for the camps in the Roseburg area and some of those present would need to be shipped elsewhere. So the floor of the armory was divided into sections, each section representing a camp which would be in that area and then one section for those who didn't care where they were sent. I promptly moved into the "didn't care" section and a couple of days later I found myself at Camp Kerby at Selma, Oregon, some 25 miles southwest of Grants Pass.

"When we arrived there were on hand about 30 boys from another state who had helped set up the tents, did the cooking and had pretty well captured all the ratings. It didn't take us newcomers very long to learn that they were a clannish group for as we went through the chow line, they got their plates heaped high with food and the rest got about half that. After a few days we took action to correct that situation. We were all housed in squad tents and late one night after we were sure the out-of-state boys were sound asleep, enough men gathered very quietly around their tents, enough men so that the men stood shoulder to shoulder all around each tent. At a signal each man reached down and got a firm grip on the bottom of the tent frame, then a whistle was blown and each man lifted as hard as he could. The tents lifted easily, and when they were about 15 to 18 inches high another whistle was blown and the tents were dropped, crash! The gang retreated to a safe distance as the tent occupants poured out. Their awakening must have been sudden and with fear for some didn't stop running after they got out for a 100 feet or so. The effort was worth it for from then on at chow line we ate the same as the other boys—heaped plates.

"Not too long after arriving all of the enrollees were called to line up. We were informed that a volunteer detail of 8 to 10 men was needed and no explanation was given except that we were to accomplish something. I was tired sitting around doing nothing, so took the two steps forward while my buddies tried to pull me back in line whispering that it was a trick to get a detail to dig latrine pits. Even that seemed better than sitting around so I held my place in the new detail. When they finally had enough men, we were told to move to one side, that we would become carpenters and the rest of the camp would be assigned to digging latrine pits. This carpenter detail, under Gus Lium of Grants Pass, first started work at the Oregon Caves on some buildings there and stayed together, more or less, as a carpenter crew all the rest of the time I was in the C.C.C.'s.

"Occasionally we would be called on by the Forest Service or the State Forestry Department to fight forest fires. We were confined to camp for a period of time while the officials decided whether or not to send us to Tillamook to help fight the big fire there, but we didn't go.

"I had had carpenter training as a youth as my Dad built houses for a living, but I learned much more in the C.C.C.'s than Dad was willing to trust me with. Gus Lium was a good builder and trained me well. We spent our time between projects at Camp Kerby and Camp Rand, the latter being located down the Rogue River from Grants Pass not far from the present community of Galice. We built sheds at Ranger Stations, assembled "Alladin" pre-cut lookout buildings on top of log towers and "Alladin" pre-cut garages at the base of the lookout tower. We remodeled lookout towers and their structures on top all through the eastern part of the Siskiyou National Forest. We built several warehouses in southwest Grants Pass for the Forest Service and the last thing I worked on for the Forest Service was a specially designed boat to be used on the Lower Rogue River.

"At one time I was put in charge of an eight-man crew, consisting of a cook, a cook's helper and six laborers. We were stationed somewhere west of Swede Basin, I think that was the location, and built a number of things for the Forest Service. Every man in the detail was sick of the food at the main camp—clammy hotcakes, cold fried eggs and bacon swimming in grease. I set up the camp with the rigid instruction that the plates be warm and the food be lifted right off the griddle onto the plate. Soon we had about as many Forest Service men showing up for meals as we had enrollees. But the Forest Service men took care of their share. It seemed, for one thing, that the deer in that area had a bad habit of jumping in front of their pickups and getting killed, so we had plenty of venison steak to eat.

"Each week I would go to camp and make an attempt to "liberate" as much in the way of food as I could above our allotted portions. After a while I became quite proficient at this and at our spike camp we ate very well, that is, except on the day the Army officer came for inspection. We were always tipped off when we might expect him. The cook always managed to prepare a lunch for him as bad or worse than he would get at the base camp. I really felt sorry for him as he was a pretty decent guy, but we had to protect our camp from being criticized for spending too much.

"While repairing a lookout for the Rand Ranger District, the occupant, freshly graduated from Oregon State College, persuaded me to go to college and take forestry, and so in September of 1934 I resigned from the C.C.C.'s and enrolled that fall as a freshman in forestry. I learned a lot of good things in the C.C.C.'s, they had a large influence on my future life and to this day I appreciate the opportunity of having been an enrollee. I was a pretty sad and dispirited boy that spring of 1933 and the C.C.C.'s gave me a chance to hold my head up again.

"I wish to compliment Mr. Glenn Howell on his attempt to put into writing the history of this very important segment of U.S. History while there are still people alive who were a part of it. The C.C.C.'s is probably one of the few successful government adventures which did so much good for the country and for so many people."



View of Camp Kerby, south of Grants Pass, Oregon. Summer 1933.
These tents were replaced by wooden barracks before winter.



Camp Kerby, south of Grants Pass, Oregon. Summer of 1933.

(Photographs from B. Sam Taylor's collection.)



Sam Taylor near the Mule Creek Guard Station on Rogue River Trail between Grants Pass and Agness, Oregon. Summer 1935. This is within restricted area of the beautiful Rogue River.

HAROLD (RED) THOMAS

Present address: 170 Sherman Street, Ashland, Oregon 97520

Harold furnished these pictures (following) and the article on the Bandon fire. He went to work for the Forest Service as forestry foreman at Camp Tyes, staying there until September, 1933. He then went to the Roseburg, Oregon Headquarters for the Umpqua National Forest where he worked out of that office until March, 1935. In January, 1934, he began travelling to various camps: Devil's Flats, Steamboat, Wolf Creek and Brice Creek, giving talks at each camp, in the evenings. Because of this Harold was transferred to Portland, Oregon in March, 1935, to work on "The Show Boat," a van with all the equipment for showing movies and slides at all forest service, state and O&C camps in Oregon.

(O&C land was land the Government had given the railroad. When the railroads defaulted on their obligation, this land was returned to the U.S. Government in 1916. Reason for the name "O&C" is that this land had been set aside for the Oregon and California Railroad.) All this land is now managed by the Bureau of Land Management (B.L.M.), a branch of the Department of the Interior. Before 1937, the O&C land was managed by the Forest Service, a branch of the Department of Agriculture.

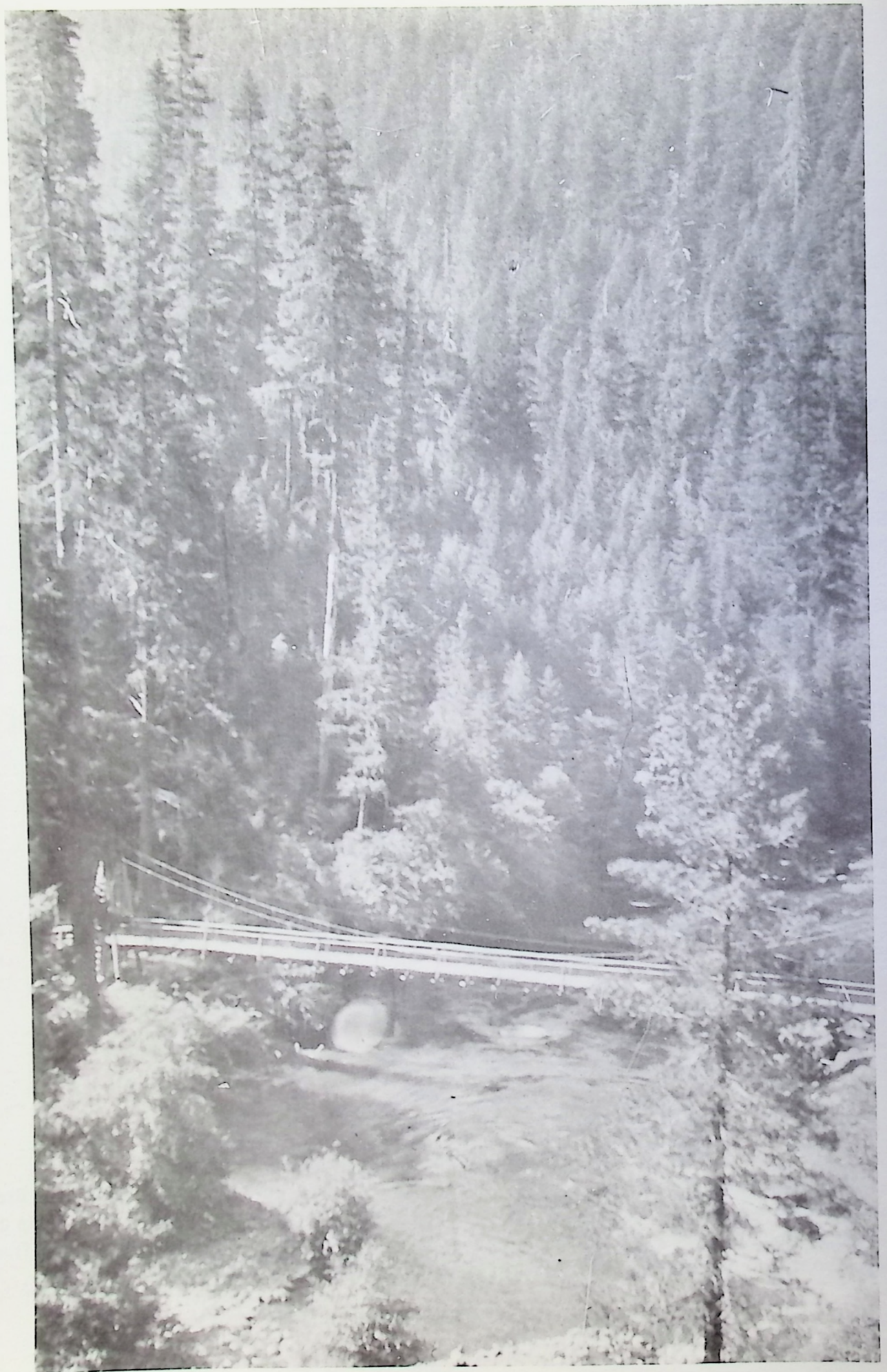


Devil's Flat CCC Camp East of Azalea, Oregon.



Camp built by the CCC on Brice Creek East of Cottage Grove, Oregon.

The outstanding photographs on the next two pages are also from the collection of Harold (Red) Thomas. The first shows the Forest Service bridge built by the CCC from the Steamboat Camp on the North Umpqua River East of Roseburg, Oregon. The fire picture was taken by Mr. Thomas from a plane above Scappoose, Oregon in June 1937.





JAMES WESTENSEE

Present address: 296 South Columbus Street, Medford, Oregon 97501

James Westensee helped construct the camp at Clarky, Idaho, living in tents until the camp was constructed. They then moved on to Spokane, Washington, where they constructed many buildings at Fort Wright. Jim is shown in some of these pictures roofing these large buildings. Mr. Westensee was still in the roofing business until his retirement in 1975, having operated his own business in Medford for several years.

Again, another example of a man learning and following a lifetime business in the C.C.C. organization. His brother, Jack Westensee, is in some of these pictures. He was in the C.C.C. at Clarky, Idaho.

We do not intend to misconstrue the meaning here—Jim was not in the C.C.C. himself, but his brother Jack was an enrollee and Jim worked as a civilian employee along with some C.C.C. boys. We are, however, grateful for Jim's words of praise for the Program. Jim was one of the first five men to answer our appeal for pictures and statements published in the newspaper.



Lunch break for the roofing crew
at Ft. Wright near Spokane, Wash.
Jim Westensee is in the middle.

(Photographs on this and the following page are from James Westensee's collection.)



CCC Camp at Clarky, Idaho.



Carpenters and roofers building camp at Clarky, Idaho.

HAROLD WILLIS

Present address: 626 Catherine Street, Medford, Oregon 97501

Harold enrolled in the C.C.C. from Roseburg, Oregon, in 1934. He was living on Cow Creek near Glendale, Oregon at the time. A friend of Harold's took a job mining at one dollar a day at the time Harold signed up.

Harold first went to a camp at Devil's Flat, about seven miles above Azalea, Oregon. The work here was fire suppression, fire trails and road building. A cadre of men was sent over on the South Umpqua, building a ranger station and setting up a camp at South Umpqua Falls. There was road building, fire suppression, trail shelter and parks. They built the campground at Camp Comfort, on the South Umpqua, also the campground at Diamond Lake.

At Devil's Flat, Harold had second cook job, was first cook at South Umpqua, becoming Mess Sergeant while there. He was sent to Steamboat Camp which was made up of boys from New York. Harold's job here was to teach cooking. He was later sent to Tule Lake and Camp Lava Beds to assist there, as they were having some cooking problems.

Mr. Willis says that he thinks the three C's organization got a lot of boys headed in the right direction; he can name a number of them who went on to become useful citizens. Many of them distinguished themselves in World War II.

This man wishes to state that the Devil's Flat Camp was made up of mostly Oregon boys, from Bend, Burns, Roseburg, John Day, and other areas in the state. He says that both these camps were a part of the Medford District, which covered over 75,000 square miles of some of the most scenic country in the United States. It makes this writer wonder if this area would ever have been developed if not for the C.C.C. Program which had been worked out and developed by some farsighted men, then carried out by thousands of men and boys who wanted to earn their way in life rather than to ask for handouts and welfare.

Harold furnished us with one large picture showing all of the boys in camp, in five rows; unfortunately, this old picture showing Harold in the center flanked by his cooks had been folded and worn, completely obliterating him.

A clipping from a newspaper was given us by Harold with the heading, "Days Creek vs. So. Umpqua C.C.C., Days Creek, March 2." The South Umpqua Falls team won over the local high school team 20 to 18 in a very fast and exciting basketball game Monday night on the Days Creek court.

And again, "South Umpqua Falls vs. Steamboat C.C.C., Glide [Oregon], February 7—the Basketball Team from the South Umpqua Falls C.C.C. Camp defeated Steamboat Camp, 53 to 19, here, Saturday afternoon to win the right to play the winner of the Marshfield (now Coos Bay) Zone. The South Umpqua Team showing superior basket shooting ability and greater experience, had no trouble downing the Steamboat Quintet."

Another clipping tells of South Umpqua beating the team from Steamboat.

Yet another clipping states: "The South Umpqua Chieftains walked off with both its games with the Steamboaters—the first, 22 to 54, and the second, 19 to 53. Besides playing independent teams, they have played the nearby high schools, Canyonville, Myrtle Creek and Days Creek, winning all games. The South Umpqua Chieftains are managed and coached by Mess Steward Harold O. Willis, who played four years of basketball with the Mapleton, Iowa, high school team."

We wish that the two photos of the South Umpqua team with Harold in his coaching suit had not been pasted in the album, but glad that he still had them. Here is a list of the boys in the photo: Willis; Bilyeu; Ulam; Bell; Green; Dean; Bruton; Weich; Whetzel; Dayton; Higgins.

This must have been quite a team to have had such a successful year.

(Photographs from the collection of Harold Willis.)



Willis (*right*) was Mess Sergeant.
Taken at South Umpqua Falls Camp.



(*Left*) Harold Willis at Captain Jack stronghold near
Tule Lake, California.



Storeroom at South Umpqua Falls Camp.
Harold and his mess officer.
This camp received the Award Flag for the best run camp for 3 of the 5 years.

South Umpqua Falls Camp Revisited in 1976

These lovely pictures of the old South Umpqua Falls CCC Camp area were taken by Glenn Howell in 1976.

Below is the beautiful South Umpqua River, upstream from Canyonville and Tiller, Oregon. We wanted to show the snag in the left foreground. Can you imagine the height of this tree before the top fell off!

On the facing page (*Top*) is the old campsite at South Umpqua Falls, Douglas County, Oregon, upstream from Tiller, Oregon. Is that the old flagpole left of center?

(*Bottom*) Across the road from the old CCC campsite. The river is in the right foreground.





HUGH WRIGHT

Present address: 540½ Midway Road, Medford, Oregon 97501

The C.C.C. sent Hugh to a side camp at Odell Lake, high in the Cascades of Central Oregon after he enrolled at Medford, Oregon where he was then living. He spent two months at that camp in the summer of 1934. Work there consisted of trail building into the tall timber. They were then sent down to Camp Lowell between Oakridge and Eugene, Oregon. In this lower altitude they were out of the snow, but *not* rain! It really rained that winter; they were soaked to the skin nearly every day as some of them did not have "tin pants and coats." Hugh relates that it was a sorry sight to see some of the boys trying to swing an axe with those long coats on.

Hugh tells us he wishes he could find a place where the fishing is as good as it was at Odell Lake that summer. Some of the boys pulled out some pretty large fish at that time. We agree with him that the fishing is not what it used to be.

In the spring of 1935, Hugh got out of the 3-C's and then rejoined, going to Camp Wimer for six months, building roads up to King Mountain. (This same King Mountain now has the broadcasting tower for Station KOB1, Channel 5, Medford, Oregon.)

They were moved to Camp Bly, near Bly, Oregon, in the dead of winter. He says they unloaded right in the snow, a miserable day when they got there. The work at this camp was building roads through the sagebrush and juniper. They also fought fire in this area. Hugh tells of the road being so rough they could only go five or ten miles an hour. There were more rattlesnakes on the fire line than men. He tells of one boy finding a rattler in his bedroll. Guess this threw a big scare into everyone. Miraculously no one was bitten. However, one boy fell and broke his arm while jumping out of the way of a snake. It was quite an effort getting him to the hospital in Bonanza over these rough roads.

Hugh was transferred to Dog Lake as a cook, spending about six months there before taking his honorable discharge.

Hugh was home only about two weeks when he saw his entire company go through Medford enroute to the big fire at Bandon, Oregon, about which there is a separate article.



Camp Lowell between Oakridge and Eugene just off the Willamette Pass
in the Oregon Cascade Mountains.



KPs at Camp Lowell high in the Oregon Cascade Mountains.



CCC boys on a day's outing tobogganing and skiing on McKenzie Pass, Oregon.

(Photographs from Hugh Wright's collection.)

LLOYD WRIGHT

Present address: 1764 Springbrook Road, Medford, Oregon 97501

Lloyd was living in Medford, Oregon when he joined the C.C.C. in June, 1933 and was sent to Camp Applegate on Seattle Bar, this being only 31 miles from Medford. Lloyd can visit the old campsite any time. Much of the work done then can still be seen in that area about which there are herein three or four other articles. Lloyd knew Wayne Ash and Lyle Hard, their stories of their 3 C's days also told here.

The first job for Lloyd was trail building on the Applegate River, along Elliott Creek, also Carberry Creek. This is in some of the most scenic country to be found anywhere. He later became a truck driver hauling the men to and from work, and later transferred to the kitchen as cook, at Star Ranger, where he stayed six months.

Lloyd owned an old 1923 Buick roadster, at that time, which he drove to many small fires. He was *paid mileage* on this. (Being an old car buff, this writer wouldn't mind owning this car now. Think this was a rather unique story.)

Lloyd helped put up a fence of yew wood around Star Ranger Station and says that it was still there the last time he was up that way. The yew wood grew to abundance in Star Gulch at that time. It is almost as hard as iron and seems to last forever.

This was a very worthwhile project, according to this man. It taught the boys how to work in the outdoors, doing work that needed doing. These trails were a big help in future forest fires, giving access to the fire.



A CCC camp receives a fire call — the alarm is sounded



A fire fighting crew, well trained, responds on the run

THE CCC AS A FIRE FIGHTING UNIT

Reprinted from the Jan. 1939 issue of *American Forest*, courtesy The American Forestry Association, Washington, D.C.

By JOHN D. GUTHRIE

Photographs by the Forest Service

IT IS a safe assertion that there has been no large forest fire in the United States since May, 1933, that has not had some CCC boys fighting it. They have fought forest fires from Maine to Arizona, and from Washington to Florida; they have become the first line defense in the annual fire battle.

When a fire call comes to a CCC camp, everybody wants to go; there is no need to call for volunteers nor to impress any enrollees. One has to hold them back, not urge them on. It's something new for most of them; it's excitement, action, color—the things that appeal to youth.

Perhaps the biggest contribution made by the CCC to the conservation of the natural resources of America in the past six years has been the protection of the

forests from fire. Certainly no other item in their list of daily activities during the first five years shows a larger expenditure of their time—the stupendous total of 4,096,610 man-days.

There have been dry and parched years since 1933 in this country. The droughts of 1935 and 1936, for example, when the Dust Bowl was stirring up its clouds and sending them eastward over the Atlantic seaboard. This was spectacular to the East, but the forests on the foothills and mountains of the Alleghenies the Ozarks, the Rockies the Cascades and the Sierra Nevadas, were often dry as tinder. And fires did start, from lightning bolt, from careless smoker and thoughtless camper—and when they did, the calls from the fire lookouts went buzzing through to the CCC



Upon arrival, the camp foreman directs the plan of battle



The fire is still small, but getting hot and dangerous



To a waiting truck, equipped with fire fighting tools



Then away to the burning forest with all possible speed

camps. And the boys poured out of the barracks, night or day, into the tool-filled trucks and swung away to blazing trees and hillsides.

But for these camps scattered over every state, who knows what a staggering forest fire toll there might have been? The year 1935 might well have been an epochal 1910 fire year but for the CCC boy. He has fought forest fires on a thousand fronts these past six years—but he has done a better thing than that. He has built forest roads, truck trails, and horse and foot trails into the back country, threaded telephone wire over the hills, thrown up fire towers, so that fires could be found and brought under control quickly. His fire prevention work through such protective forest improvement has been as big and as important as his fire fighting.

When the CCC started, the idea was that as far as fire fighting went, the Corps was to be a last resort, an emergency agency, the reserves—the last to be called up in the fire battle. It was believed that the boys were too young, too slim, too soft, perhaps not to be depended on, for the rigors of the front line of fire. Fire fighting was a man's battle.

But the boys were tried out that first summer of 1933. They were keen to see a forest fire, to get into the fighting, eager to try out their new-found muscles. They fought, they worked and worked fast, they did what their foremen told them to do, they learned, they stuck. True, they had to be constantly warned to be more careful, to take less risks, to look out for falling trees and rolling boulders. (Continuing on page 238)



So a fire line is thrown across its path to check its spread



And water pumps are employed to put the fire "dead out"

The CCC as a Fire Fighting Unit

But they learned. And they stuck. Soon the old timers, the seasoned fire fighters in the federal Forest Service, in the state services, with the logging outfits, saw that here was something new. Eastern kids, city kids, who less than a few months before had come into the western hills as pale, anemic, undernourished youths, were holding their own on many a fire front hell. They were raw but faithful. They quickly grew in body, mind and spirit. They showed they could be depended on. They had what it takes.

From then on, the forest rangers, the fire wardens, and the logger fire fighters began to take the CCC enrollee seriously. The higher-ups began to give their superintendents and foremen and then the boys some advance training in fire fighting, in using fire tools and machinery, how and when, and when not, to start backfires. They told them how fires behave at different times of the day, at different elevations and exposures, and what a wind may do to a fire; they were taught how to keep from getting trapped, how to look out for falling limbs and dead snags, how to get out of the way of boulders rolling down mountain sides, and the thousand of other techniques of the forest fire battle.

Here then was a mobile force, readily available, with trucks, tools, back-pumps and other equipment—a force eager and willing, a force under trained leaders, a force to be relied on. Perhaps they didn't have the staying power of the older fire fighter, but they had an eagerness, an enthusiasm, which the older man lacked. Perhaps the CCC had to have shorter work shifts, with more resting spells between, but they "came back" quicker.

They came to feel that they were a part of the fire fighting force, the protectors of the forest. They had vanquished the fiery host, they had won battles, and so confidence and self-reliance and woods wisdom came to many a boy for the first time in his life. He was no longer a kid; he had held his own with the rangers on many a fire front. He was a man.

When his two years were up, or before that, when he left the Corps and went back to New York, or to Ohio or to South Carolina, he took with him an experience which will be with him forever. He had become a man out there in those western mountains, on that big fire of 1934, or 1936, or 1938. He had helped keep fire out of the forest; he had an interest, a proprietary interest forever in those trees; he had a stake in America now.

But the Corps paid a high price for this advance. The boys paid it in Oregon, in California, in Wyoming, in Pennsylvania. A total of thirty-nine enrollees paid the supreme price of forest protection—they gave up their lives on the fire line. American youth from now on has

indeed a stake in forest protection in the United States.

Thus the Civilian Conservation Corps has come to be the first line of forest fire defense. Advance fire training has been perfected, safety on the fire line means more—no brand-new, green boys are sent to the front. Now they know something about forest fire behavior. They know something of what may happen on a forest fire. The CCC is a recognized fire fighting unit throughout the country.

What of the future? What part should the CCC play in American forest protection when and if it becomes a permanent conservation labor agency?

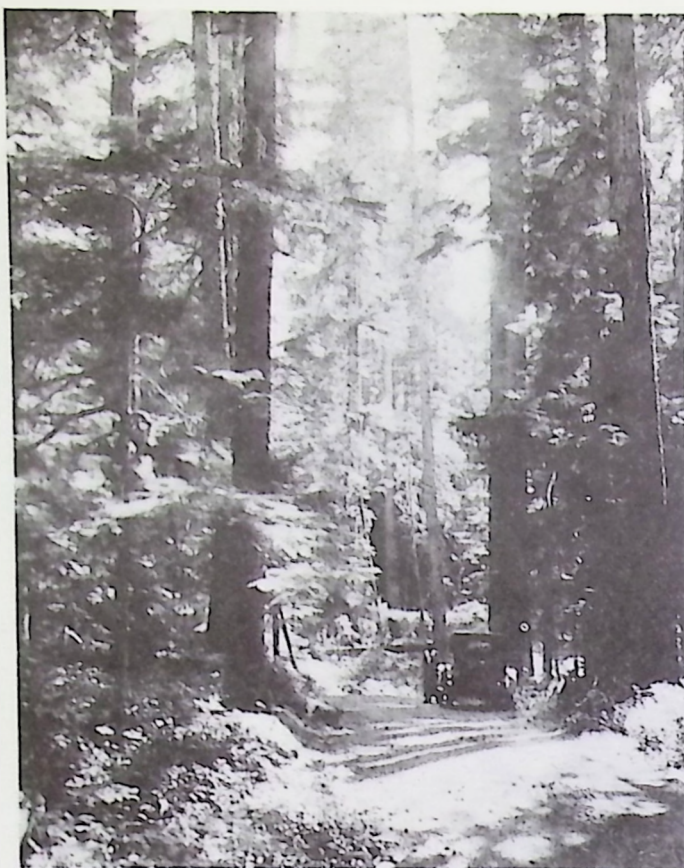
It is my personal judgment that first, the Corps should be considered as reserve fire fighters, to supplement, but not to replace, the regular federal, state and private protective forces or organizations. They should not be looked on as the first line of fire defense but rather as an emergency or reserve force.

Secondly, they should not replace local labor, the local forest protective or cooperative guards, patrolmen, lookouts, or fire fighters, but should be a force supplemental or additional to regular protective units.

Thirdly, the members of the Corps—project superintendents, foremen, technicians, leaders and enrollees—should be given more and better advance training in forest fire fighting. This training should also include more and better CCC crew organization for fire fighting, to the end that when enrollees go to a fire, they may function efficiently and with the greatest degree of safety for members of the Corps engaged.

Lastly, every CCC company should receive advance forest fire fighting training, regardless of the type of camp or work being done. No one knows far in advance when a company doing wildlife work on the coast of South Carolina may be transferred to southern California and be called on to fight fire; when a soil erosion control company in treeless west Texas during the winter may be transported the following spring to the Douglas firs of Oregon and be called on to battle a raging forest inferno. The demands of conservation work often mean surprising moves for CCC companies.

Great as has been the contribution of the CCC enrollees to forest protection in this country, great as has been their effort to save America's natural resources, the imprint left on their minds and bodies, yes, on their souls, by this life in and fight to save the forests has been as great and as lasting. In their young bodies, but even more in their impressionable minds, have been planted seeds of tolerance, self-reliance, hardihood, love of the forest and its wisdom; and withal, they are better citizens of this great Democracy.



Forest Service

Gone with the flames is this paradise for motorists in northern California. Once shaded by towering pines, restful and healing, a place to stop and dwell awhile, as shown at left, now is a road of desolation, as shown at right. Where there had been beauty, there is now blackened, twisted tree trunks; where there had been pleasure, there is now the quiet of death and stagnation



Frank W. Childs

What forest fires, if not prevented, do to the scenic treasures which the National Parks are created to preserve is vividly portrayed by this photograph taken shortly after the 1936 fire in the Isle Royale National Park. The fire, reported as started by a careless camper, laid waste one-fourth of the park area

MY HOPES FOR THE CCC



FOR five and a half years, a Legion of Youth, the Civilian Conservation Corps, has been charting a new conservation course for Uncle Sam, a course that provides for the gradual upbuilding of our natural resources of timber and soil. As a result, the nation is moving toward an admittedly distant goal of a balanced natural resources budget.

Under the competent supervision of trained foresters and technicians of federal and state departments and agencies dealing with conservation matters, some two million young men, together with a sprinkling of war veterans and Indians, have been laboring since the spring of 1933 on a wide variety of conservation projects. They have planted new forests on unproductive lands, strengthened forest and park protection systems to reduce forest devastation by forest fires, insects and disease, built new recreational facilities to improve the civic usefulness of our parks and forests and initiated and advanced a huge scale program for demonstrating practical erosion control measures to farmers.

Altogether, some 4,500 CCC camps of 200 men each have been established in national, state and private forests, on the public domain and on wildlife refuges in various parts of the country. At the present time more than 1,500 camps, including those on Indian reservations and in Alaska, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and Hawaii, are in operation. Out of these camps each day go some 300,000 enrollees to plant trees, build truck trails, erect fire detection towers, lay telephone lines, improve grazing conditions in national forests and on the public domain, rehabilitate reclamation projects in the west and drainage ditches on farm lands, build check dams and plant quick growing trees and vegetation to protect private farm lands from soil wastage, to conserve water and prevent floods, to conduct campaigns against the white pine blister rust, the gypsy moth, bark beetles and rodents, to improve living conditions for wildlife and to do a host of other jobs

By ROBERT FECHNER

Director, The Civilian Conservation Corps

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related in a greater or lesser degree to the national task of conserving and rebuilding America's natural resources wealth.

The records in my office indicate that the 2,300,000 enrollees who have left their homes to work for from a few months to two years in the healthful outdoor atmosphere of the CCC camps have labored on some 150 different types of work. Operating under regulations and policies initiated or approved by the office of the director, the War Department has enrolled the men after they had been selected by the Department of Labor and the Veterans' Administration, constructed the camps, transported the men to and from projects, paid enrollees, clothed and fed them and looked after their welfare. The cost of maintaining a boy in a CCC camp this year, with all costs charged against the enrollee, is about \$1,000. Next year it will be a little larger, as new camps will have to be built. Altogether about two billion dollars has been expended on the CCC program, about twenty-three per cent going home to the parents of enrollees in the form of relief.

No attempt has been made to turn the camps into formal schools. We do everything we can to fit enrollees for a useful life but the CCC is a work centered organization and not a substitute for high schools and colleges. It is, however, a practical school where young men in their teens and early twenties are taught how to work, how to live and how to get ahead. In the camps enrollees learn the fundamentals of good citizenship while acquiring work experience and practical skills. One of the fundamentals of the CCC program is that enrollees put in a full five day, forty hour week whenever climatic conditions permit. This is done in the belief that the work discipline and training acquired by enrollees on the job and through the normal routine of orderly camp living represents the best training and preparation for useful citizenship that we can offer. Every effort is made to improve the physical condition of enrollees so that they will leave the camp with sound physiques. Good food, medical care, comfortable clothing and instruction in sanitation and personal hygiene are furnished all enrollees.

In camp enrollees follow a daily regime which includes regular hours for sleeping, eating, working, recreation, as well as a reasonable time for study and personal advancement. Academic courses and vocational training in a more limited degree are provided in all camps. Illiterates are taught to read and write. Backward enrollees are grounded in the three "r's."

So much for the broad outline of the CCC program to date. It is my opinion that sufficient time has now elapsed for the average citizen to pass judgment upon

the usefulness of the Corps, both as a force for conserving our natural resources and as a builder of vigorous young manhood.

As director of the Corps, I have watched it grow from an experimental question mark into a sound, well-knit operating organization which takes pride in the fact that it gives the taxpayer a full return for every cent spent. There is no doubt but that the four co-operating departments—War, Interior, Agriculture and Labor—have done a splendid job.

But notwithstanding the fact that the Corps has been and continues to be popular with the general public, the question arises as to whether steps cannot be taken which will improve our work output and the service rendered youth and the nation. Some students of the CCC program have suggested that more time be devoted to enrollee education and training. Some have felt that the Corps costs too much. The question also has arisen as to whether the Corps was not departing too much from its original work objectives.

Before discussing possible changes in future work programs, I want to go on record as stating that in my opinion no phase of the CCC program is more important than our relationship with youth. I am hopeful that as time passes we can do even more than we are doing today to assist youth to become self-supporting. I am not a believer in coddling youngsters and so long as I am director I intend to do everything I can to

help young men develop self-reliance and pride in their ability to make their own way in the world. I want enrollees to have every possible educational and training opportunity that can be given them without sacrificing the CCC work program. I have never been in favor of shortening the work week of forty hours to provide additional time for schooling, as I believe young men obtaining their first work experience should learn at the beginning that they must do an honest day's work and do it every day when they are employed if they are to be worth their salt. I take genuine pride in the fact that employers uniformly report that former enrollees have the right attitude toward work.

We have been making a thorough study of the CCC educational system this last year. We are improving the education and training set-up from the top down, developing improved training and instructional courses, closely scrutinizing the results being obtained and developing a system which will make certain that education and training facilities in each camp are used to the utmost. I am hopeful that at the end of this year I can report that each enrollee received ten hours of general and vocational instruction each week.

Our records show we have spent about two billion dollars on the CCC. Although I do not consider CCC costs have been high when viewed in the light of the Corps' accomplishments, pressure is being exerted at every point to reduce CCC expenditures. I hope it will



Forest Service

Their woods work builds fine clean bodies and minds — these CCC boys are doing a real forest job in limbing and bucking beetle-infested trees in the Lassen National Forest in California

be possible through consolidation of motor repair units, the operation of salvage and reclamation depots similar to the one operated by the Army at Columbus, Ohio, and a general tightening up of the CCC administrative and operating machine, to reduce costs still lower. A reduction in enrollee turnover between enrollment periods, except when men leave to accept employment, would help. In this connection it is interesting to know that some 450,000 enrollees have left to accept jobs prior to completing their terms of enrollment.

On one point, however, the CCC cannot afford to economize too far. I refer to the expenditure of funds for careful supervision and guidance of camp work projects. The fact that all CCC work has been carefully supervised has added to CCC costs, but it has been worth it. The Corps seeks to give enrollees the best possible leadership and the best technical direction. High class, experienced reserve officers in charge of camps mean better leadership for the enrollees, better camp morale, better food, fewer desertions and disciplinary discharges and a better all around camp atmosphere. Carefully trained and experienced project superintendents and foremen mean carefully planned work programs, a higher work output and better trained enrollees. Seasoned and able camp educational advisers mean that camp educational programs will be simple and practical and well organized.

The CCC's health program has been outstandingly successful. Without exception, Corps area commanding officers have acted vigorously to safeguard the health of enrollees and build them up physically. In some Corps areas, physical training has been made a regular rather than an optional feature of daily camp life. While undoubtedly enrollees get plenty of exercise, the physical drills have been helpful in improving posture and in developing coordination of mind and muscle. Perhaps it would be a good thing if physical training were provided in all camps.

Adoption of a first class distinctive uniform which enrollees could wear when not at work would be a good thing for the Corps. It would undoubtedly build up morale and improve the appearance of the enrollees. I hope it will be possible to give the CCC a uniform before a not too distant date.

Before expressing my hopes for the future in the field of conservation, let me present a few figures on work accomplishments. Our records compiled from camp figures by the Bureau of the Census show that the national reforestation program has been advanced by the planting of more than 1,501,662,800 forest tree seedlings on 1,501,663 acres of bare, barren or unproductive land; by improving forest stands on 3,115,534 acres and by campaigns against tree diseases, such as the white pine blister rust, and tree-attacking insects on 17,279,975 acres.

Forest fire protection systems have been strengthened in public forests and parks and adjacent areas by the construction of 98,444 miles of truck trails and minor roads, the building of 66,161 miles of telephone lines, reduction of fire hazards along 65,576 miles of roads and trails, the erection of more than 3,489 fire lookout houses and towers, and the construction of 41,303 bridges and 45,350 buildings of various types.

The presence of enrollees in the forests has furnished the nation a first class forest fire-fighting patrol during fire seasons with the result that millions of acres of forest and park land have been saved from fire damage. Civilian Conservation Corps enrollees have expended 7,930,912 man-days on forest fire-fighting duty or on fire prevention or fire presuppression work.

It has furnished men and material for the initiation and advancement of a nation-wide erosion control program. Since the spring of 1934 the Corps has constructed 4,132,660 check dams and planted 175,886,495 quick-growing type trees on eroded farm areas.

It has opened up recreational opportunities in the nation's forests and parks for millions by stimulating new state park development projects, by improving and developing recreational facilities in national and state parks, and in other areas.

It has aroused national interest in wildlife conservation by furnishing men and funds for acquisition and development of a chain of wildlife refuges, by improving conditions for fishing and by stimulating federal and state agencies to greater wildlife conservation activity. In this connection, the CCC has built 4,105 fish-rearing pools, expanded national and state fish hatchery facilities, improved more than 6,207 miles of streams, stocked lakes, ponds and streams with 636,447,728 fingerlings and young fish and conducted rodent control operations over 30,774,049 acres.

In reviewing the past five years of the Corps, and looking into its future, it is well to recall its original purpose and scope. The original CCC Act of March 31, 1933, sets up pretty clearly the two main purposes of the Corps, unemployment relief and "restoration of the country's depleted natural resources." Later wording amplifies the first statement and refers to "forestation" of federal and state "lands suitable for timber production, protection or prevention of forest fires, floods and soil erosion, insect and fungous attacks, and the construction, maintenance and repair of paths, trails and fire lanes within national forests and parks."

The Act of June 28, 1937, sets up three objectives of great importance—to provide employment, to provide vocational training and to perform "useful public work in connection with the conservation and development of the natural resources of the United States."

First, let me emphasize that the providing of jobs for unemployed youth is equally but no more important than the doing of needed conservation work. Secondly, that the two CCC Acts both emphasize that the work program is to be conservation of natural resources.

But back of these Congressional Acts, before even the original Act was passed on March 31, 1933, President Franklin D. Roosevelt expressed himself very clearly on what he had in mind as to the CCC, its purpose, scope and work. In his message of March 21, 1933, to the Congress, he said in part:

"I propose to create a civilian conservation corps to be used in simple work, not interfering with normal employment, and confining itself to forestry, the prevention of soil erosion, flood control and similar projects."

Since the first camps were established on national forests and national parks, we have departed in some measure from that original program of objectives—"forestry, the prevention of soil erosion, flood control and similar projects." In addition to forestation and erosion work, the Corps has done a vast amount of recreational work. It has developed parks in states, counties, municipalities and other areas set aside by federal or local agencies for recreational use. It is not too much to say that the CCC put the now flourishing state park system on its feet.

But has it done enough of tree planting? Has it concentrated enough on work which will conserve water and soil and prevent floods? Have enough men been assigned to blister rust control and on campaigns to reduce damages caused by (Continuing on page 30)

MY HOPES FOR THE CCC

(Continued from page 12)

insects such as the bark beetle? I believe that the work we have done to develop our national parks and state parks and related areas has been more than justified by the avenues of outdoor enjoyment which we have made available to the public and that we should continue our recreational work on a scale commensurate with public need. At the same time, I think the time has come when it would be well to give consideration to the placing of even greater emphasis than we have in the past upon the planting of trees and other reforestation work, the control of erosion, upstream engineering and the protection and improvement of national parks and monuments.

Projects for which adult unemployed labor is available or for which adult labor is better suited normally should not be done with CCC labor. This means that the use of the CCC in or near towns or cities, or on large engineering structures where either the adult unemployed or contract labor can be properly used, should not ordinarily be undertaken by the Corps. The CCC is a young, unskilled, mobile force which can be employed to advantage in regions remote from cities or labor centers. There have been complaints on the ground that the CCC youths have deprived locally available adult labor of jobs in different parts of the country. Greater care should be taken to avoid approval of projects requiring a large amount of annual maintenance to keep them usable. In this connection, state and local organizations should refrain from recommending work projects which they are unprepared to maintain in a usable condition after the CCC camp completes its work.

Before listing some of the types of conservation work which I believe should be stressed in the future, I venture the hope that both federal and state conservation organizations will concentrate on the working out of long-range programs for the conservation and use of natural resource wealth so that the CCC work programs can be maintained at their present high standard. I hope that state and federal officials will work out comprehensive programs for development work in each state so that every bit of work done by the CCC

will be of maximum value to the state and to the general public. I would like to see a national program, with major types of project shown, covering conservation work that should be done over the next five or ten years. If such a master plan is available, I have not seen it. In my own opinion, major types of work upon which the CCC should concentrate, are:

(1) *Forest Protection.* Forests in federal, state and private ownership and federal and state parks must continue to be protected from fire, insects and fungi.

(2) *Reforestation.* There are some 138 millions of acres of barren, denuded, abandoned forest and sub-marginal lands in this country. These should be made productive by growing forests, whether in national park or forest or in state forest or park. The CCC has not done enough tree planting. A program calling for the planting each year of 500,000,000 trees would not be too ambitious.

(3) *Flood Control.* The "upstream engineering" part of the national flood control job entrusted to Army engineers and the Department of Agriculture by Congress under the Flood Control Act of 1936 is admirably suited for the CCC to perform. This work is not suited for contract labor, as it consists of many small jobs and is in remote or isolated locations where the Corps can function to good advantage. The CCC should be definitely in this program.

(4) *Soil Conservation.* The saving of our fertile soils and the building up of depleted soils are basic to our future as a nation wherever these lands lie. Here is a splendid job for the Corps to continue.

(5) *Development of Recreation Resources.* The population of the country is growing and public appreciation of outdoor recreational facilities is mounting. I feel this work should be continued where needed. As public use and enjoyment of our wooded areas increases, public interest in our conservation stake will rise.

(6) *Wildlife Restoration.* Many years of restoration work yet remains to be done on federal forests and parks and in federal and state game refuges and sanctuaries.

Emergency Work Program Started By Law in 1933

By JIM FISHER

Twenty five years ago March 31, the United States Congress acted on the request of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and created the Emergency Conservation Work program, later changed to the Civilian Conservation Corps.

The purposes of this program were given as to relieve distress, to build men, and to promote the conservation of our natural resources.

Because of President Roosevelt's personal interest in the CCC, its development was rapid. On April 17, 1933, the first of nearly 4,500 camps was occupied. This was Camp Roosevelt in the George Washington National forest of Virginia, where 25,000 young enrollees were introduced to the CCC.

Employed 3 Million

During the nine brief years of its existence, the CCC employed nearly three million young men, war veterans, Indians, and territorials. It has been estimated that this organization, unique in the history of conservation throughout the world, advanced such fields as reforestation and erosion control by from 25 to 35 years. To an onlooker, it must have appeared that the nation was attempting to make up for its years of neglect and wastefulness of natural resources with one supreme effort.

The accomplishments of the CCC reads like the diary of Paul Bunyan. They planted more than 2½ billion tree seedlings, constructed 6½ million erosion control dams in gullies, cleared 21 million acres of tree diseases and pests, constructed 126,000 miles of roads and 38,000 bridges, and perhaps most important of all, spent nearly 6½ million man-days fighting forest fires. This fire fighting labor alone is equivalent to the constant work of 17,000 men for a solid year, on an eight-hour day basis.

Since 2½ billion seedlings is almost too large a number to imagine, it can be better expressed to Rogue valley residents as the number of seedlings that could be planted at the standard six-foot intervals inside the area extending from the Greensprings summit north to Union Creek, west to near Canyonville, south to Cave Junction, and east to the Greensprings summit.

Built Towers

In their "spare time", the CCC built lookout towers, campgrounds, telephone lines, and firebreaks. Administration buildings for the U. S. forest service and other governmental agencies also were constructed.

To perform these enormous tasks, President Roosevelt appointed Robert Fechner as director of Emergency Conservation Work. James J. McEntee later succeeded Fechner. Representatives of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Secretary of Interior, and the Secretary of Labor assisted the director by serving as an advisory council. Congress established an initial fund of \$10,000,000 to finance the organization of the conservation program.

The advisory council first decided that the CCC enrollees would consist largely of young men who were unemployed. A portion of their earnings would be allotted to their families. Other qualifications required of CCC enrollees were American citizenship, age limitation of 17 to 23, single status, and inability to complete schooling if still in high school.

Initial Period

Each enrollee enlisted for an initial period of six months. The enrollee could reenlist for six-month periods up to a maximum of two years. Following the issuing of clothing and other equipment, the new CCC enrollee was assigned to one of the 4,500 camps. Camps were operated in national forests, national parks, on the public domain, on farm lands, or in wildlife refuges.

The average CCC enrollee was 19 years old and had completed 8½ school grades. He allotted \$15 of his monthly

\$30 paycheck to his dependents. He had been jobless for seven months before entering the CCC. After serving a year with the CCC, he found work elsewhere, often using the knowledge and skills he had acquired during his enlistment.

Each of the camps was administered by military personnel. The actual project work was planned by civilian camp superintendent assigned by the different conservation agencies. These agencies included the U. S. forest service, the U. S. national park service, soil conservation service, bureau of reclamation, bureau of land management, fish and wildlife service, and many state agencies concerned with the conservation of forests, wildlife, and other natural resources.

Main Camp in Area

In the Medford area, the main CCC camp assigned to the state forestry department was Camp Wimer, located north of Rogue River near the Pleasant Creek Guard Station site.

Lou Amort, now chief engineer for the state forestry department, served for a time as assistant supervisor and chief engineer at Camp Wimer. He recalls that the work accomplished by the Camp Wimer enrollees included the construction of 43½ miles of truck trail near Savage creek, King mountain, Daisy mine, Battle mountain, Evans creek, and Jack creek.

They also built the forestry department's headquarters at Grants Pass and the older buildings at the Medford headquarters. Approximately 60 miles of telephone line, 10 miles of trail, and other department stations including McLeod guard station were also constructed. The Camp Wimer crews cleared 160 acres of snags and assisted state crews in fighting many local forest fires.

Crews Sent

When the Smith River and Bandon fires burned thousands of acres in Northern Oregon and along the coast, Camp Wimer crews were sent to help fight them. Only a cement foundation block in an empty field remain of Camp Wimer.

Doyle Stockton, present assistant district warden at the forestry department's Medford headquarters, began his fire protection career as a fire crew member on a CCC crew stationed at the Medford headquarters in 1935. Other crews were located in side camps at Riddle, Placer, and Sand creek under the forestry department's direction.

The U. S. forest service directed CCC work from camps located at Medford, Applegate, Carberry, Oregon Caves, Moon Prairie, Elk creek, Evans creek, Union Creek, South Fork, and Lake of the Woods. Many other small "spike camps" were established as needed.

Construct Park

Camp Prescott was used as a camp for CCC crews constructing Prescott park on top of Roxy Ann. The Medford camp was located near the Medford fairgrounds. The last building was only recently removed when the new National Guard armory was constructed.

Jack Fortin, Medford warehouseman for the forestry department, worked as a mechanic for the forest service during the days of the CCC. He worked out of the Medford camp, traveling to most of the side camps to repair equipment.

The forest service crews were responsible for the construction of almost all campgrounds in the Union Creek, Butte Falls, Applegate, and Lake of the Woods areas. The familiar rustic tables and fireplaces have served for many years as ideal camping spots for fishermen and campers.

Increase in Use

The recent increase in use by the public plus the natural deterioration of these improvements has resulted in the first major recreational development program since the CCC work was done.

Miles of forest access roads and numerous administration buildings, lookouts, and residences were constructed by the CCC on the Rogue River national forest. The brown-stained buildings at the Lake of the Woods ranger station are an example of their work.

Crater Lake National park

maintained CCC camps at the park headquarters and at Lost creek ranger station. These crews worked on recreational projects within the park.

CCC Had Faults

Like many of the governmental projects, the CCC had its faults. Expansion of the organization was so fast that few operations were as well planned as they might have been. Competent leaders were scarce, although the demand for qualified men did increase forestry school enrollments during the last few years of the CCC.

With the outbreak of World War II, CCC graduates became top soldiers and excellent war production workers. The results of their efforts and training were important contributions to the nation's economy.

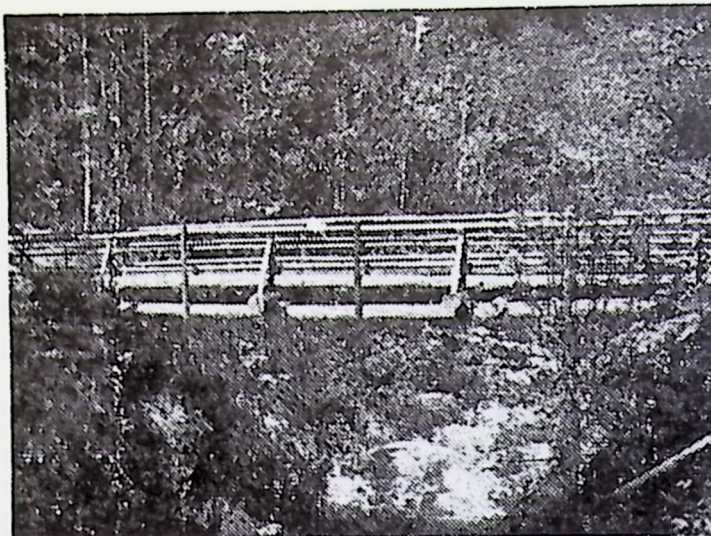
When the CCC disbanded on June 30, 1942, forestry leaders saw in its history that forest fire losses could be reduced considerably by the use of large numbers of trained fire-fighters. Proving this lesson had cost the lives of 29 enrollees, 10 of whom died in the Blackwater fire on the Shoshone national forest in Wyoming on Aug. 21, 1937.

Important Accomplishment

Perhaps the most important accomplishment of the Civilian Conservation Corps was not as tangible as the miles of roads and telephone lines constructed, the hundreds of buildings and campgrounds built, or the thousands of acres of forests saved from fire.

For nine years, the nation had watched conservation in practice rather than as a long meaningless word. The three million enrollees of the CCC had worked and lived conservation during that time.

At the end, the publicity on fire prevention, soil erosion control, and wildlife preservation was perhaps the most enduring accomplishment of the men of the "Three C's."



BRIDGE—Approximately 38,000 road and trail bridges were constructed by the CCC. Bridges such as this one in western Oregon helped to bring adequate fire protection to isolated timberlands.—State Forestry Department photo.



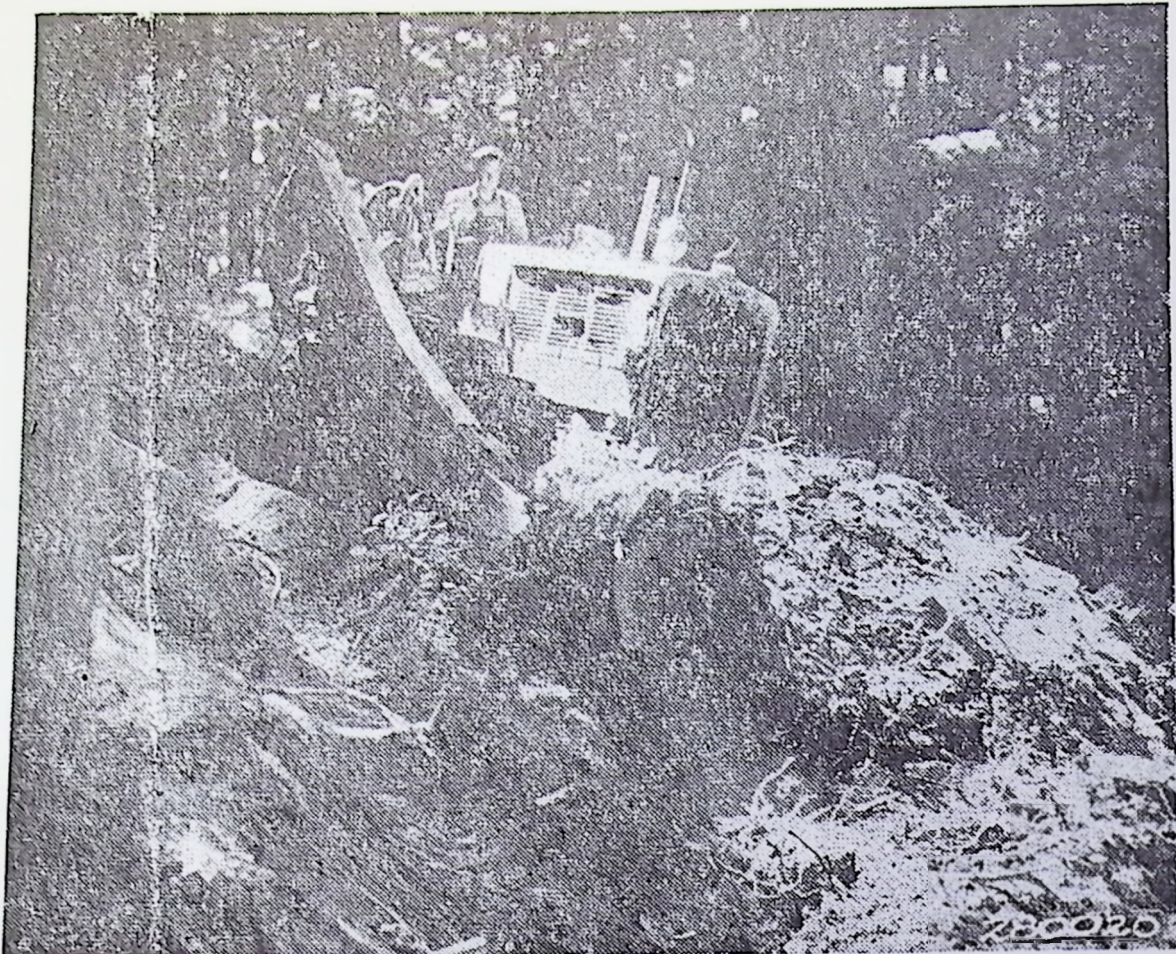
CAMP WIMER—Located eight miles north of the town of Rogue River, Camp Wimer was major CCC camp in the area. Work crews from this camp were supervised by the state forestry department in the con-

struction of roads, trails, telephone lines, and buildings. A cement foundation block in an empty field is all that remains of Camp Wimer today.—State Forestry Department photo.



FIRST PROJECT—The construction of Camp Wimer buildings was one of the first projects for the newly-assigned CCC enrollees. Here a crew is constructing a pump-

house for the camp. Headquarter buildings at the forestry department's Medford and Grants Pass stations were also built by the crews.—State Forestry Department, photo.



BUILD ROAD—More than 126,000 miles of access road were constructed by the CCC between 1933 and 1942. Many virgin stands of Douglas fir in the Pacific Northwest were

made accessible by the roads. The CCC enrollee pictured here is an example of the way roads were constructed.—U. S. Forest Service photo.



PLANT TREES — CCC enrollees planted 2¼ billion seedlings during the nine years the organization operated in the nation. The

tree planters shown here were planting trees on the Shasta National Forest in northern California—U. S. Forest Service photo.

Contact with former CCC enlistees sought for help in compiling book

A list of 76 names of former supervisors and enlistees of the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) of the 1930s has been compiled by Glenn Howell, Medford, a former CCC member himself, to invite them and their families to a potluck picnic. It will be held at TouVelle Park on the Rogue River Sunday, May 16, from noon to 4 p.m.

Howell also is writing a book about the CCC, born during the worst years of the Depression to provide jobs for thousands of unemployed young men. He has interviewed about 45 of these former members for his book and

says their reminiscences cover about 20 states, including Connecticut, upper Michigan, Alabama and east Texas.

In his book, Howell hopes to include some contemporary articles about the CCC that appeared in the American Forestry Association's magazine, formerly The Forester and now called The Forest, that appeared in 1939.

Among those who were active in the CCC 40 years ago and living in Medford now are Harry Chipman, Jackson County clerk; Harold Thomas, former Ashland district ranger for the Forest Service; Sam Taylor, retired forester; Carl Janouch, former Forest Service supervisor; Dr. Lawrence Buonocore, Medford physician; John Carnegie, retired Bureau of Land Management forester; George Joyce, Southern Pacific trainmaster; Bill Koepke of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and Dale Stockton, district supervisor for the State Forestry Department.

In the fall of 1934, Howell enlisted in the CCC for 18 months in western Kansas. Six months later, he was sent

to Ravenna, Neb., which is about 50 miles west of Grand Island, as he recalls. He left the CCC in the spring of 1936. But unable to find work, he returned to the CCC in January 1938, this time in Wellington, Colo., north of Fort Collins. He remained until June 30, but spent three of those six months in an Army hospital in Denver, recovering from pneumonia. The CCC operated as a para-military organization, providing care in military hospitals.

Howell moved to Medford in July 1939 and has lived here ever since.

CCC book

To the Editor: This is an appeal to anyone who was in the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC). We are trying to gather enough material for a book about the CCC and want to talk in the near future to anyone who was in the Corps or have any pictures of any of the camps or the work done. We would like to borrow these pictures, along with any story you would like to have told of your own experience in the CCC.

Besides my own knowledge of the CCC we have received several manuals from the Forest Service and state parks. But as this is to be an inside first hand, pictorial history of the achievements of the CCC, we need more closeup stories.

If you would like to help us out on this project please call 772-8187 or write me at home, I'll be glad to come to your place or have you over to mine for an interview.

Glenn Howell
712 Summit
Medford, Ore.

100 former CCCs hold reunion

A crowd of approximately 100 former Civilian Conservation Corps enlistees and supervisors and their families and friends gathered for a CCC picnic in TouVelle State Park on the Rogue River Sunday afternoon.

A guest book for former CCC members contained 47 signatures by the end of the day.

The picnic was organized by Glenn Howell, Medford, who is putting together a book about the role of the CCC during the Depression of the 1930s. He already has more than 200 pictures from private collections to illustrate the book, which he has titled "CCC Boys Remember" and plans as a pictorial history.

Howell commented that some of the CCC boys at the reunion picnic had not seen each other for 30 or 40 years. He said that some picnickers came from Grants Pass and one man drove up from Happy Camp, Calif.

Purple silk souvenir ribbons with CCC Picnic, May 16, 1976, lettered in gold on them were donated to the event by Mr. and Mrs. Keith Arasmith of Gold Hill.

LETTERS WE HAVE RECEIVED

We would like to take this space to acknowledge the letters sent us, some of them arriving too late to answer and to receive a story from, but we do want to get them in the book as those people took the trouble to offer their help for which we are most grateful. Most of the letters have been edited to save space.

RALPH ISAACSON (*Present address: 15943 Windsor Drive, San Leandro, California 94543*)

"I was living at Kelva, Michigan when I enrolled in the three C's at Manistee, Michigan and went to Camp Chatam on Lake Superior where we built roads and planted trees, etc. The latter part of 1936 we went to Camp Axin. There was about anything that a boy wanted to do there. Some of the boys took their grammar school, there was typing, welding, shop, also leader training. I worked in the shop, then operated dozer. Ted Hominga and I broke ground for the Cabrafae Winter Sports area, well known in the East. I also ran a F.W.D. road grader and snowplow, taking care of the roads in the area. I left the C.C.C. in the fall of 1939."

☆☆☆

WELLER J. SHAFFER, MSC, USN-Ret.

(*Present address: 178 Bermont Avenue, Country Club Estates, Lehigh Acres, Florida 33936*)

"Enclosed find some memorabilia of my days in the Civilian Conservation Corps. You are welcome to have them if they will be of assistance in your book.

"I entered the CCC from Toledo, Ohio in the fall of 1940 and was sent to Camp 3505, Bowling Green, Ohio, a Soil Conservation Service camp. This camp was disbanded in 1941 and I was transferred to Camp 505 in Rockbridge, Ohio (near Logan). I was promoted to assistant leader after 3 months in the Corps and to Leader after 4 months. I was discharged Nov. 1, 1941 to accept a civilian job. I entered the Navy in 1942. I feel that my experience in the CCC was a contributing fact that I advanced through every enlisted grade in the Navy and retired September 1, 1973, with the rank of Commander. Please advise me when your book is published."



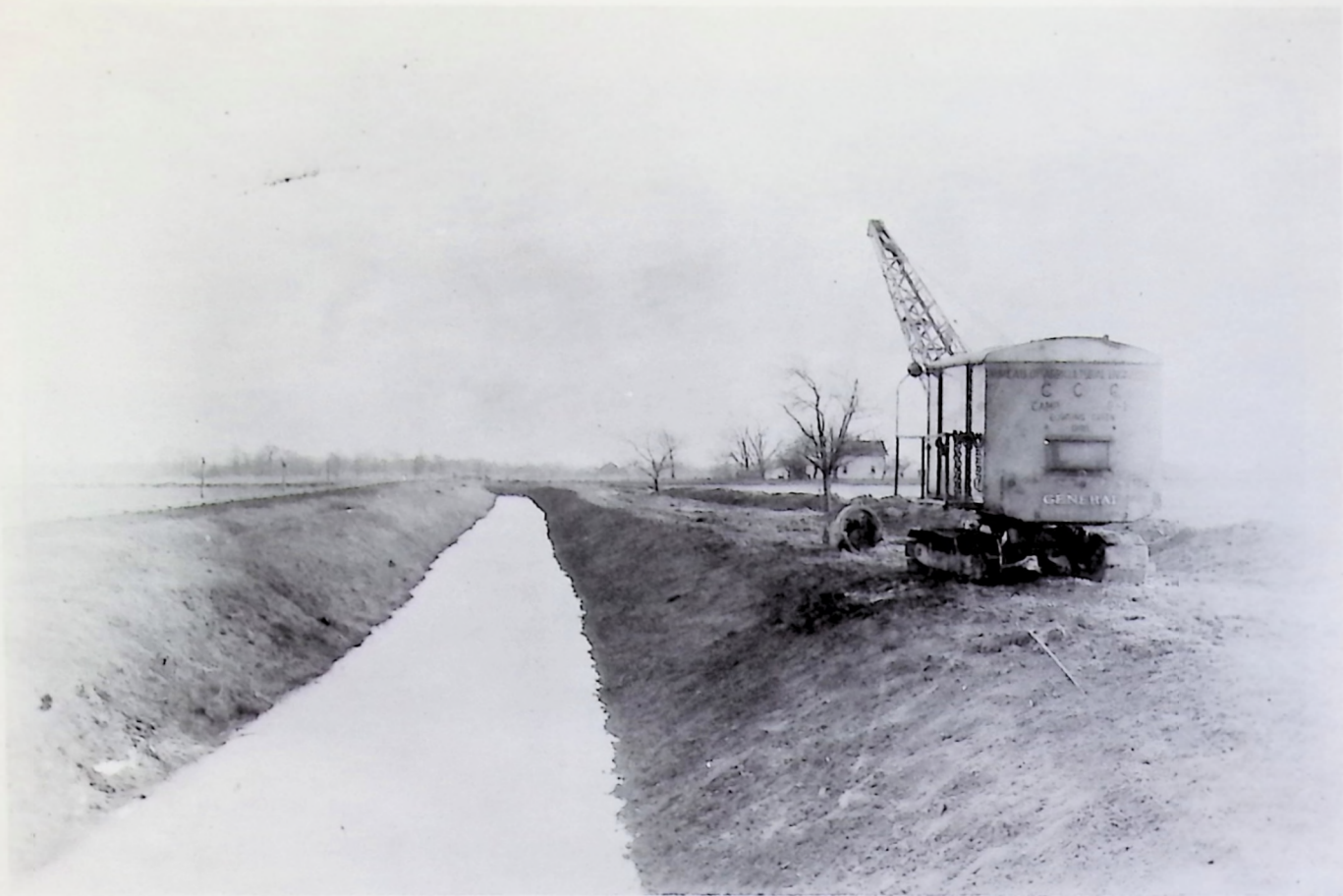
Survey crew plotting the ground to be blasted. Camp 3505, Bowling Green, Ohio.



Drilling to be blasted.



Dragline moving rock for canal.



Finished ditch near Bowling Green, Ohio.

(The foregoing pictures are from the collection of Commander Weller J. Shaffer.)

☆☆☆

FRANK L. CARRIGAN (*1295 W. Gill Place, Denver, Colorado 80228*)

"Forty years later. The Civilian Conservation Corps as it looked to those of us who were members.

"Every few months during the middle thirties there was an opportunity to enroll in the C.C.C. One such group left Cheyenne County, Colorado on or about July 1, 1934 and was sent to a camp named Saylor Park, near Woodland Park, Colorado. When we arrived they had just finished with a large forest fire in the Tarryall Mountain area northwest of Colorado Springs. That made us fellows from the plains a little uneasy as we were new to forests and mountains.

"The main projects here were building a series of flood control dams on Fountain Creek between Manitou and Woodland Park. Also construction of the Rampart Range Road above the Garden of the Gods and joining the road from Woodland Park to the Devil's Head fire lookout station west of Castle Rock, Colorado. Two of the Cheyenne County boys got to be "cat skimmers" on that job, Adolph Johnson and Bob Baber.

"On July 23, two of us from the plains were transferred to the Forest Service Nursery about two miles west of Monument, Colorado, so named for the large white rock west of town and visible from Interstate 25.

"We lived in tents that summer and autumn of 1934. Along with the regular nursery work, an excavation for another reservoir was being readied for the concrete pouring. That was plenty of pick and shovel work. It was built into a hillside and about three-fourths underground. Capacity 44,000 gallons.

"1934 was a very dry year in eastern Colorado as the "old timers" will remember. The reservoir was filled from springs, but they nearly dried up that summer.

"By now it was getting a little cold for tent living but everyone seemed to enjoy it (I think). The temperature went below zero once before we moved to the main camp, which by this time was moved down to Manitou. Nearly everyone caught a cold when we moved indoors.

"The first job for the nursery crew after the move was to cut Christmas trees up behind Cheyenne Mountain. This was also a forest thinning operation. Rangers went through first and tagged the trees to be cut.

"After Christmas we worked on the dams in Ute Pass (Highway 24) and were soon put on the job clearing right-of-way for the Rampart Range Road, lower end, in the wintertime.

"By this time the Roosevelt Administration was planning the great windbreaks and other erosion control measures for the Great Plains as well as reforest the mountains as before.

"The Army did the housekeeping while the Forest Service furnished the work projects. One more duty (after hours) was driving down to Monument at evening train time to get the mail and bring back the letters from home. This was made more interesting because the townfolks did the same, or had their daughters do it.

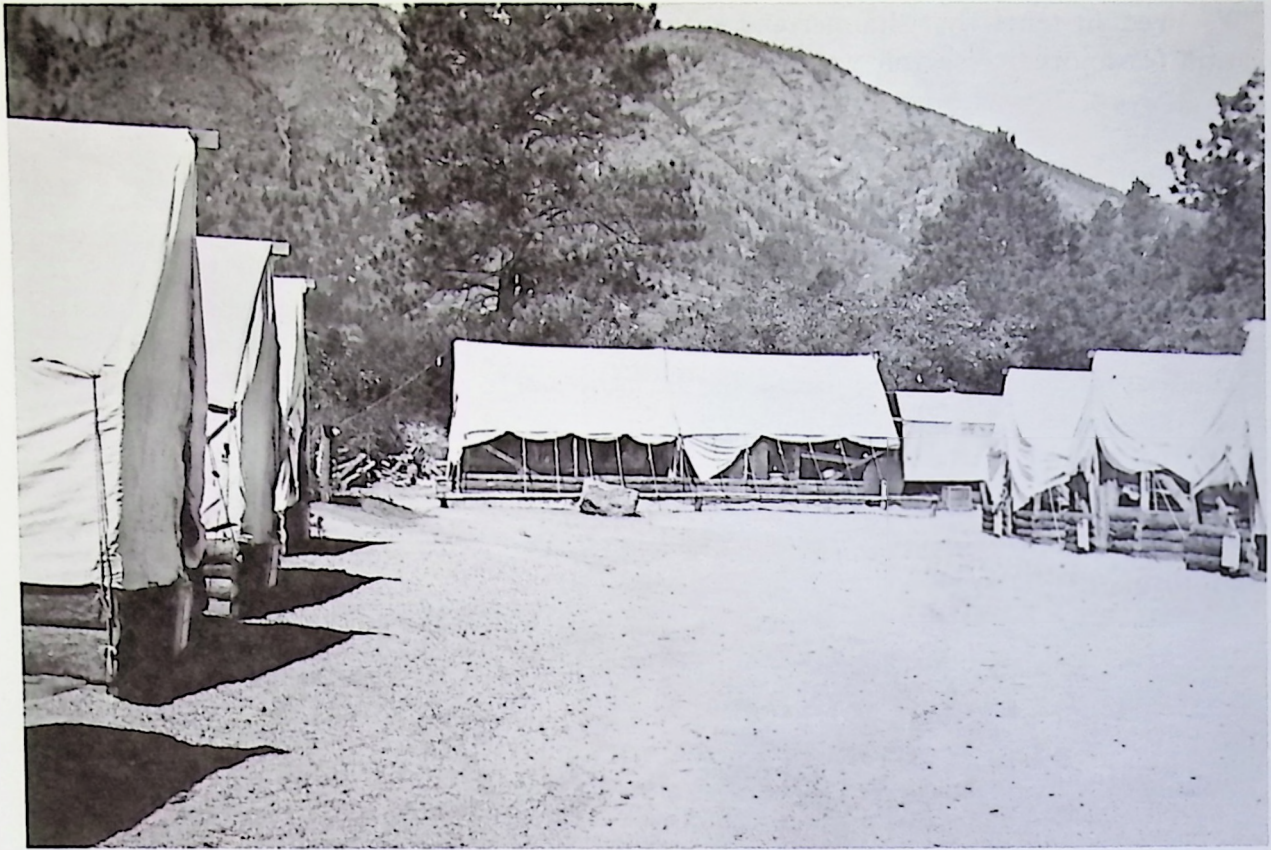
"There were truckloads of 2- or 3-year-old seedlings to be hauled to the planting sites in the Pike National Forest. In 1935 some eight or ten trips were made across South Park, via Ute and Wilkerson Passes to a point about 15 miles south of Fairplay, Colorado, then west up a trail 2 or 3 miles to the planting camp. Another load went to Rosemont on the road to Victor, as well as smaller shipments by rail out of Monument to Rangers in Idaho, Oregon and Washington. For this we had a Chevrolet and Dodge 1½ ton. They seemed very up-to-date at the time, the Dodge even had hydraulic brakes.

"In May of 1935 the drought of the previous summer and winter ended. It rained many times in May, and on Memorial Day, Colorado Springs had a flood with some loss of life, and much property damage. Many highway, street and railroad bridges were washed out that spring all over eastern Colorado and western Kansas. The record low in Denver on February 7 was minus 17, and February 8 was minus 25.

"On a recent trip to the old nursery area in March '75, I was allowed to drive up past what was known as the Rock Division. The conifers planted for windbreaks between the seed beds have grown tall in the last 40 years but the seed beds were grass and weeds. There is just a faint outline and level spot where the barracks stood, with the native scrub oak not as large as the adjoining area.

"So as times improved after the Great Depression and the Great Drought, we went on to better jobs but the \$1.00 per day plus our keep was appreciated at the time.

"Perhaps the nation needs something similar again if this high cost depression continues, but it is doubtful if it would work out in these times of instant reward for your labors."



Tent City high in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, 1934.



A bunch of the boys with their foremen.



Nursery crew near Monument, Colorado. 1935.

(The foregoing photographs are from Frank Carrigan's collection.)

☆☆☆

JOHN M. POUND (*11811 East Virginia Drive, Aurora, Colorado 80010*)

"Sorry that I am so slow getting this off to you but have been on the run the last few weeks.

"I enlisted in the C.C.C. at the presidio of Monterey in July 1934 and was assigned to 1913th Co. C.C.C. Old Lodge Site Camp S.P. 15, which was in the California State Park known as Big Basin. It was 9 miles out of Boulder Creek, California.

"Helped build a few fire trails, set up picnic tables and dug ditches for about a month and then was assigned to the dispensary. First Medical Officer I worked for was Captain A. D. Pope, MC USA. Remained there for about a year working under about five different Medical Officers during this time.

"Took my discharge in August, 1935 to return to high school, with the hopes of going on to the medical school. Never made it, things were too tough at that time. Joined the Navy and spent 20 years in the Hospital Corps. After leaving the Navy I took a job with a pharmaceutical firm and am now completing 20 years with them as a Hospital Sales Representative here in Denver.

"At the time of my enrollment was living in Santa Cruz, California, where my folks had a chicken ranch. I spent my summers on the golf course as a caddy. After a couple of weeks of no work, three of us went in to town one afternoon and signed up. When I went home and told my mother what I had done, she did not think too much of the idea, but agreed to let me go. In later years she told me that the \$25 had been a great help in holding things together. I have never regretted the time spent or the experience gained with the C.C.C.

"Hope that these papers are of some help in your research. When your book is completed, please let me know, I would like to buy one."

☆☆☆

WALTER J. LANTZ (*Regional Executive Minister, Christian Church, 2599 S. Lincoln Street,
Central Rocky Mountain Region, Denver, Colorado 80210*)

"I saw your letter in the Denver Post and would be very happy to contribute any way I can to your book.

"I lived in Mt. Sterling, Illinois in the 30's, and enrolled in the CCC in 1935. I served in LeRoy, Illinois, Wisconsin, Callao and Provo, Utah and Minersville and Bly, California. I was in camp better than six years, drafted into the Armed Forces in 1941. Otherwise, I would probably have stayed until the C's folded. Darn near did.

"Most of my time was spent as Technical Service Clerk until I moved to California. My time there was spent as Mess Sergeant. I was tapped to go to Subaltern School in Medford, Oregon and, after graduation, went to Bly, Oregon as Assistant Camp Commander. When our C.O. went into the Service, I was head man until I was drafted myself a few months later.

"I worked for the Soil Conservation Service, Grazing Service, Department of the Interior and Forest Service during my years as an enrollee. I made Leader about 4 months after I started, and kept my rating from then on. When my outfit moved out of Provo, Utah, I stayed on as an L.E.M. and became part of the new camp which moved in for a few months on their way to California.

"I think the CCC was the greatest thing that came out of the "New Deal." It did not only reclaim a lot of worn-out farmland and build parks and recreation areas, it reclaimed a lot of lost young men during those depression years. I am proud of my years in the Corps and am grateful to a government who saw the need back there to do something for youth and made it pay. My time in the Corps helped me in the early days of my Service experience, too. I was drafted as a \$21 a month private, but I made it through to Master Sergeant and Regimental Sergeant Major in 1 1/2 months. As you see my training during those years really paid off.

"Let me know how I can contribute to your book. I will be happy to help where I can. And thank you for making such a book possible. I have always been a real "booster" for the CCC.

☆☆☆

COL. A. J. HEMSTREET, JR. USAF (Ret.) (*4830 East 18th Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80220*)

"I went on duty with the CCC on October 2, 1933 from Omaha, Nebraska as a 1st Lt. of Infantry. I was ordered to duty in the Medford, Oregon CCC District which headquartered in Medford. I was assigned to duty there and remained in one capacity or another for 7 1/2 years.

"I first started out as a Junior Officer at the camp located at Selma, Oregon. This was what was called an LEM camp at that time. The LEM stood for Local Experienced Men and there were supposed to be 12 assigned to each camp located in the Medford District. However, there were more recruited than were necessary so our camp became the one where all excess LEM were located. We moved over to Pistol River during the summer and then back to Selma the following winter.

"As time progressed I was assigned the task of organizing and operating a Cooks and Bakers School, Mess Stewards School, and a Mess Officers School, which I did for several years. This was located at Camp Wimer near Rogue River, Oregon. As I recall we had some 32 camps in our area. I went to the Presidio in San Francisco and attended the Mess Officers School there, then came back and started up a District School. Several hundred men graduated from our Cooks and Bakers School at Wimer.

"I was ordered to active duty in July, 1941 and left the Medford District at that time.

"Should you be interested in any more contributions, please let me know. I have not looked through my papers in several years. One of my old Junior Officer companions, Preston E. Rohner, now lives in Grants Pass; Fred Greene lives nearby Medford; and there are others who live in Medford. I would appreciate hearing from you and look forward to being of any assistance I can render to you."

☆☆☆

L. A. WHITMORE (1964 Rosemary Street, Denver, Colorado 80220)

"Very interested in your letter in the Denver Post since I, too, am a former C.C.C. member. Was a member of Company 761 at Nebraska City, Nebraska and David City, Nebraska. I was a Mess Sergeant. Then also, I have just lately retired from United Air Lines. Was a member from July, 1934 to September 1938.

"Now I have an aerial view of our Company in David City and a picture of a group of us outside our barracks in Nebraska City. If you like, I'll send you copies of these.

"When your book comes off the press I sure want a copy. Let me know in regard to the pictures."

☆☆☆

R. G. COOLE (1346 South Kearney Street, Denver, Colorado 80224)

"Regarding your open letter appearing in a recent issue of the Denver Post, I would like to submit the following information concerning the CCC:

"I enrolled into CCC Camp Skokie Valley, Glenview, Illinois on October 14, 1938 and was discharged September 11, 1939 to accept employment. My home address at that time was Rockford, Illinois.

"Would like very much to contribute to your book, if I have any information or pictures you might be interested in. I have (1) A Pictorial Review of my company No. 639. (2) Your CCC Handbook for Enrollees. (3) Few pictures of my pals and myself at work and leisure.

"As to the benefits I derived by joining the CCC, I can honestly say it prepared me for the future. Being the youngest of five children in our family (my father died when I was three), it was a Godsend to have something like the CCC to help my mother and myself.

"If you can use any of the information I have please let me know. If you cannot, I would like to know very much when the book is printed and how a copy can be obtained. Hoping to hear from you in the near future."

☆☆☆

HARRY J. JONES, JR. (28 Steinway Avenue, Trenton, New Jersey)

"As I remember, in your last letter, you asked how and where I got into the 3 C's. So here goes.

"I was selected, and was happy to go for it would give my family some money each month, which was very hard to come by. The sum of \$25 would be sent home and \$5 for us to spend. The welfare boards searched their records for families with young unemployed boys to fill their quota for filling the national total of people wanted. This was not very much money, but it got our needs.

"We were sent to the National Guard Armory for transport to Camp Dix, New Jersey. We arrived at the Armory before noon and waited for busses to take us to Camp Dix. It was a rainy day and not pleasant at all. It was after 7 P.M. before the busses arrived. When we got to Camp Dix, it was dark, rainy, muddy and we were all very hungry. When we got off the bus we were lined up and marched off to a mess hall, where they fed us corned beef sandwiches and black coffee—it was good, that coffee was hot to warm us inside.

"There were over 150 men from Trenton, some from New York and other places in Jersey to bring up the Company strength to 200 men.

"The next day was real hectic, up at 6 A.M., breakfast at 7 A.M. At 8 A.M. we were assembled and marched off for a physical exam and shots.

"Then on the 1st of June we got our assignments and were put into old Pullman cars and started West. Our company number was 1261, and our place was changed a couple times enroute. Our final destination was a town called Donnelly, Idaho. We arrived there the night of June 6th. Early next A.M. we left for our camp in the mountains, a place called Paddy Flat. This was to be our home until mid-September when we had to get out or be snowed in. All but about 35 men chose to go

home. The rest stayed to dismantle the camp. When this was done, we were put aboard a train with those from other camps who signed for another six months. We were sent to Tennessee, our camp was at a place called Arthur, Tennessee. We were a part of the T.V.A. Camps (Tennessee Valley Authority). Here we worked on the land, reclaiming it with dams of logs and rocks. Some others helped to build the Great T.V.A. Dam to supply power to the Tennessee Valley, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, a vast undertaking.

"I was discharged in July, 1934.

"With no jobs at home, I reenlisted and was sent back to Tennessee. I only stayed a few days and we were put on trains again and sent to Medford, Oregon. From there we were sent back into the mountains. After a few days some of us were sent to a spike camp at Talent, in the old bank is where we lived, ate and had fun. It was here that I met three men who were to mean more to me than any other persons through the rest of my life. Those men were Lyle Hard, Wayne Ash and "Pop" Lewis. They worked with us, taught us more in a short time than I thought could be done. They fought forest fires with us and taught us how to survive in bad fires. Again I say these men were the kind of men I had never known before in my whole life, showing a friendliness and trust I had never known before; in short, they taught me how to live and work *honestly*, which has stayed with me all my life up to today."

[We have articles about Ash and Hard. Sorry that "Pop" Lewis has passed away.—Ed.]

"I was taken sick and sent to the V.A. Hospital at Roseburg. The men from the camp left and I never saw any of them again. I was sent to a camp in Jersey where I stayed for a couple of months, then went home to take a job in March 1936. So, you can see, I spent part of 1934 and most of 1935 in Oregon.

"Lest I forget, I was a cook in Talent, not a good one, but one who tried hard.

"If there is anything else you would like to know, make out the questions and I will try to answer them when we come out there to see you. So please send me your phone number so I can call you when we get to Medford.

"Until we meet, I hope I can call you friend."



Harry Jones, Jr. and truck at Paddy Flats, Idaho. June 1933.



Camp F-54. Paddy Flat, Idaho.

(Photographs from the collection of Harry J. Jones, Jr.)



Harry Jones, Jr. and buddy at Talent, Oregon.



Harry's picture of Lyle Hard about whom we have a separate article.

(MRS.) RUBY ROBBINS (1250 Uinta, Denver, Colorado 80220)

"Enclosed is your appeal, from the Denver Post, for information from ex-C.C.C.'s.

"There was a C.C.C. camp at Atwood, Kansas (that's in Rawlins County). It is the top tier of counties, in Kansas, and the second one east of the Colorado State line.

"I started living in Atwood in 1933 and I think the camp was set up in 1934. We lived in a house that had been divided into living quarters for two families. The family living in the other part of the house was connected (with) the CCC camp. His name was Britt.

"There is a man still living in Atwood that was one of the CCC's young men. I thought for information you might contact him. He is Robert (Bob) Bethel, Atwood, Kansas 67730. I can imagine that Bob wouldn't mind telling you his experiences while a CCC young man."

☆☆☆

WILLIAM A. MEDESY (3532 South Ivanhoe Street, Denver, Colorado 80237)

"I read your appeal for material and photographs for a forthcoming book on the CCC in the Denver Post, and congratulate you for covering a significant period in the nation's history.

"Although I was not a member of the CCC, I did serve from 1933 to 1940 in various supervisory positions as an officer of the U.S.F.S. on national forests with camps in Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, New Hampshire and Maine. During the 7-year period I had close contact with all phases of the program and had many experiences and observations, some of which may be of interest to you.

"If you think my experiences from the point of view of supervisor as opposed to the CCC member would be of interest, please let me know. I would need to know what kinds of information would be useful to you, such as special projects, human interest stories, opinion on the value of the program, etc."

☆☆☆

A. C. REAVIS (1459 Steele Street, Denver, Colorado 80210)

"I saw your article in the Denver Post and wanted to hear from former CCC members so I thought I would get in touch to see if I could help.

"I enrolled June 19, 1935 at Ava, Missouri, Company 1733, transferred to Cassville, Missouri, Company 1713, on June 25, 1935; transferred to Calico Rock, Arkansas, July 2, 1935; transferred to Ely, Minnesota, Company 3743; transferred to Grand Marais, Minnesota, Company 4742, October 26, 1935; transferred to Camp Wimer, P-211, Rogue River, Oregon, January 13, 1936; transferred to the Forest Headquarters, January 17, 1936, Medford, Oregon. I was there until I left for discharge April 3, 1936, in Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas.

"We worked in the forest planting trees and building fire trails. As you can see I traveled a lot, which I enjoyed very much and saw a lot of beautiful country, so I could probably give a lot of information. I have a few pictures of a lot of the boys and camps. At the time I enrolled I lived in Wheatland, Missouri.

"If you think I can help you in your book get in touch with me at 1459 South Steel Street, Denver, Colorado 80210."

☆☆☆

BARNEY MATTHEWS (878 Lottie Street, Monterey, California 93940)

"I entered the organization in April 1934 from Monterey, California and was sent to Arroyo Seco Camp Company 910. A year and 3 months later we were transferred to Soda Springs, Idaho, in the Pocatello District, which covered 25 camps in four states.

"I have a book containing information and pictures of the camps and their varied activities, published for the men of the Pocatello District.

"Since these were the most memorable and inspiring times of my life, I have wondered why our politicians haven't initiated another program like it. Most of the boys I knew and followed up on have been successful and useful citizens, and were very proud to have been in the program and still use the facilities which they helped to create.

"This book is available to you if you have not received one from some other person who might have been in that area. It is old but in fairly good condition.

"Any information I might have to further your endeavor I would contribute gladly.

"Please let me hear from you."

☆☆☆

E. P. LAWRENCE (1492 Santa Susana, Hemet, California 92343)

"It was nice talking to you on the phone a few days ago while we were in Medford.

"Carl Lierman, 13405 S.W. Cresmer Drive, Tigard, Oregon 97223, had done considerable work in organizing and having meetings regarding CCC Camp Nehalem, Company 2908.

"Contact this man (Lierman) soon for they generally have a camper get-together in June at CCC Camp Nehalem, Foss, Oregon. Also another get-together in September. The September get-together would give you a lot of material.

"Wishing you the best of luck in this wonderful task you are taking on . . ."

☆☆☆

CARL LIERMAN (13405 S.W. Cresmer Drive, Tigard, Oregon 97223)

"Received your letter today and will keep in contact with you about our banquet. This will be held in September and I'll send you a notice of this. We have many pictures but our Secretary is gone and they have most of them. If any time you are in Tigard, please look me up and we'll talk about things we are doing. This will be our sixth reunion.

"We have over 100 men on our list and also have a camp-out at our old campsite. I'm very much interested in helping with your book and anything else I can do. Let's keep in contact."

☆☆☆

DELMAR E. MILES (P. O. Box 3515, Coos Bay, Oregon 97420)

"Received your letter a few days ago so will try and get this off while I'm thinking about it.

"My home address was Toledo, Oregon, and I was enrolled in Company 981, Camp Reedsport, Reedsport, Oregon. While in Camp Reedsport, we were mainly fire fighters and did road work.

"I went in July 5, 1940 at Camp Reedsport and on February 1, 1941, I was transferred to Company 927, Camp Metlahatla, Ketchikan, Alaska, where we were slashing white cedar for a new air strip.

"The things I learned the most were how to get along with others and to be self-supporting.

"As far as any sport offered in either camp, I don't recall any but they did offer an educational program of different types."

☆☆☆

DON STONE

(805 Cherry Street, Medford, Oregon 97501)

We do not have a write-up of Mr. Stone's experience in the CCC. However, he did send these pictures for us to use. He was also in Company 981 at Reedsport, Oregon (see Delmar Miles on the preceding page).

We appreciate receiving these pictures.



CCC boy on the job.



Company 981, Camp Walker, Reedsport, Oregon. 1934.

IVAN M. ANDERSON (*Box 741, Shady Cove, Oregon 97539*)

"I was in the CCC in Washington State in several capacities and locations. First, in a camp at Matlock, about 40 miles Northwest of Olympia; this was for a short time only. When that unit was transferred to a camp on the high slopes of Mt. Rainier, a move that I had been looking forward to, I was called in to the district headquarters administration offices at Fort Lewis, which office coordinated all CCC activities in the state.

"Later I took a job as camp manager in a CCC camp in eastern Washington on the Colville Indian Reservation, one of several field camps administered by the Indian Agency for the Indian Forest Service. Upon being replaced by a qualified Indian (one of the rules on Indian reservations), I transferred to another camp for a few months, taking part in field work of constructing fire roads.

"If my experiences fit the purpose and scope of your book I will be glad to assist you in your project."

☆☆☆

WARREN E. WOOD (*P. O. Box 102, Shady Cove, Oregon 97539*)

"In answer to your request for pictures I am sorry but I lost all the pictures I had concerning the C.C.C. By July or August I may be able to take some snapshots of the work done by this organization in 1933-1937 and possibly in 1938.

"I was temporary foreman on bridge construction with 10 to 13 C.C.C. men, also was on fire suppression. In January 1937 I was an enrolled man and found the work to be better than expected. In March I was made crew leader and in May was relieved of duty to be foreman on the technical staff at the request of a local Forest Supervisor, and in August was made assistant supervisor. When the company was disbanded in December I was again unemployed, but I at least had 11 months of steady work. I did some work in 1938-1939 which was C.C.C. related.

"It is my opinion that a similar plan should be activated again. Through the northwest I have seen evidence of ecological neglect in the form of erosion, lack of flood control and forest land which is not producing.

"In the event you would like to contact me I live about 50 feet from the Shady Cove Post Office on Heather Lane. Thanks for your interest."

☆☆☆

JOHN R. DAVIS (*1923 S. Xenon Street, Lakewood, Colorado 80228*)

"I was in the 3Cs from April 1938 until March 1940. My home was only 70 miles from where I was stationed at Camp Smith Lake, near Hayward, Wisconsin. But it seemed pretty far for a youngster as I was underage at the time I went in.

"My father was badly disabled in W.W. I and received a \$33.00 a month pension. The \$25.00 they got from me made the difference from making it or just making it. I got by very well on my share and had \$22.00 saved up when I got out at the end of the two-year limitation.

"Later, when I was old enough I got a job as towerman and smokechaser. After one season I joined the Marines for three years and returned to that same Ranger station for three more years.

"At the age of 25 I entered the University of Minnesota where I got my Bachelor of Science degree in Forestry in 1952 and my Masters in Forestry in 1953.

"I spent 10 years with the Wisconsin Conservation Department in the Game Management Division; then joined the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and spent 12 years in the Dakotas and a year ago came to our Regional Office here in Denver. I am now the Regional Endangered Species Coordinator for our 10-State Region.

"I received an Army Commission while in college and recently retired as a LTC after 26 years of National Guard and Army Reserve, including a call-up as an Engineer Company Commander during the Berlin crisis.

"I have always been a firm believer in the benefits derived from a C.C.C.-type program and would like to see one reinstated. I know it had a strong influence on my life.

"C.C.C. enrollee time doesn't count as federal service but supervison time does. This is discrimination against those who probably need it most. You might check into this.

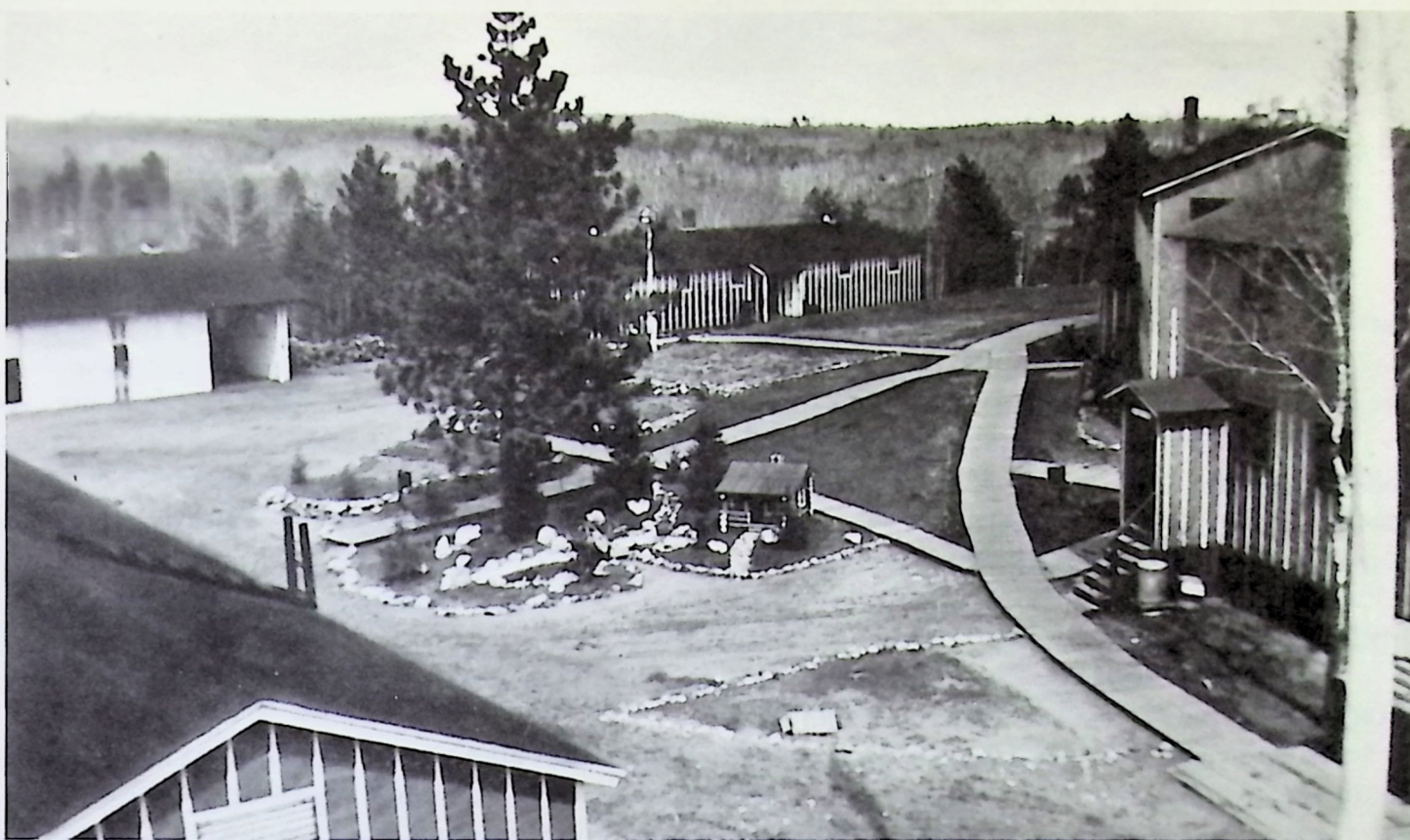
"I am sending some pictures (one roll cost 20 cents—an agonizing decision for one to make at that time), also an annual.

"I would like the pictures and book back and would like to buy a book or make a donation—however you plan to finance your endeavor."

(Photographs below and on the following page are from the collection of John R. Davis.)



Panoramic view of Camp Smith Lake near Hayward, Wisconsin.



Camp Smith Lake, Hayward, Wisconsin.



Library at Camp Smith Lake.

FINAL REMARKS BY THE WRITER

When we took on the job of getting together the material for this book we had no idea where to start—it seemed like an almost hopeless task. This was, however, accomplished with the help of the *Medford Mail Tribune*, Medford, Oregon, the Public Library, the U.S. and State Forest Services, the Oregon Historical Society, and a letter was sent to the editor of the *Denver Post*, Denver, Colorado.

Nearly 150 former enrollees in the Civilian Conservation Corps have volunteered information about what the Corps did for them, their life work, and pursuit of happiness in what they have claimed was the experience of a lifetime, it gave them a chance to become self-supporting and to help out at home. A large percentage of the boys learned a lifetime trade.

In reading this book to this point you know what over fifty of these men had to say, therefore, anything further along this line would only be repetitious.

This chapter of final remarks is to show the help and hospitality shown us by all persons interested in this publication.

We had no idea when we made an appeal for information about the C.C.C. that so many would volunteer. We had one man write us from Trenton, New Jersey, sending a lot of information about the time spent here in the wonderful Rogue River Valley, Oregon when he was in the 3-C's, stationed at Camp Applegate, also time spent at Paddy Flats, Idaho. Later, he and his wife visited here in Medford where we spent two wonderful evenings together, talking about the C.C.C. and looking at old picture albums that he is sharing with all of us. Our thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jones, Jr., of Trenton, N. J. Hope you had a nice trip home.

A part of the pleasure we have derived from this project has been being invited into people's homes, just reminiscing about the "brush army" of time gone by that will live in the memories of these men forever. Having them "dig out" albums of pictures kept for 40 years, trusting them to us, perfect strangers with but one common bond—having also been a member of the largest peacetime organization ever known. This, somehow or other, makes us a family, a most meaningful title.

Really, what we are trying to say here is, we hate to see this project coming to an end as there is no way of expressing our feelings. There are mixed emotions evident here—one of joy at having found so many friends and sadness of heart to know we are also saying goodbye. But the joy we have experienced in these few short months of visiting the fine people who have contributed to this book makes it all worthwhile.

As a final note—our apologies to all those who phoned or wrote us. We would have liked to have gotten you all in but the book would have run over one thousand pages. Thanks, anyway.

Perhaps you can find a story here paralleling yours. If so, we will be pleased that we have helped someone show his grandchildren or others the life he lived in the C.C.C. as one of America's youths who was *not* underprivileged. (We at that time had never heard of the word.)

If you enjoyed this book, please lend it to a friend. Possibly he was in the Corps.

If you think Volume II should be started, send us your story, we might try it.

Thank you.

Glenn Howell
712 Summit
Medford, Oregon 97501

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